

THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CCLXXIII.

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'TWIXT NIGHT AND DAY.

Down through the shuttered house we
 crept
 Where men in slumber lay.
 Unbarred the heavy door and stepped
 Into an alien day.

It was not dark nor was it light,
 But by mysterious change
 The things familiar yesternight
 Appeared remote and strange.

The tangled hedgerows drowsed with
 dew;
 Tall elm and dripping thorn;
 The path that wandered round and
 through
 The fields of ripening corn;

The empty meadows far below;
 The road that climbed the hill;
 The silent poplars all a-row
 Beside the silent mill,

Seemed parts of some old world sub-
 merged
 By flood, above the plain
 Of waters, fresh and thoroughly
 purged,
 Appearing once again.

Nought moved: all things that haunt
 the night
 Had crept to lair and den,
 While still slept those that love the
 light
 And share the day with men.

Then through dark pinewoods up the
 steep
 We climbed with muffled tread
 As though we feared to break the sleep
 Of wood-nymphs still a-bed;

And soon, the hill-top gained, behold,
 Hanging dew-pale and dim,
 The lonely sun some two hours old
 With none to welcome him!

Then all at once in garth and field,
 From hedge-bank, bush and brake,
 A hundred silvery bugles pealed
 And bade the world awake;

The farm-yard cocks crowed loud and
 shrill,
 Gates clanged and, down the lane,
 With splash and creak beside the mill
 The wheel went round again.

W. G. Hole.

Grimspound, Newton Abbot.

THE LAST ONE.

I'm walkin' on the Old Road
 South'ard from the sea;
 But the Old Road, the Old Road
 Is not the same to me.
 The grass-grown way is grass no more,
 But sharp flints an' cold,
 An' the little folk an' old folk
 They stare so strange an' bold.

I'm up along the Old Road
 On cold flints an' gray;
 An' as I pass the Wealden folk:
 "A furriner," they say.
 "A furriner from Kent, maybe,
 Maybe a Northern man."
 An' purty folk an' plain folk,
 They look at me askan'.

A-traillin' down the Old Road
 A furriner I be!
 Whose father an' his father, too,
 Was Wealden-born like me;
 Whose mother an' her mother, too,
 Was bred on Beacon Brow;
 But the valley-folk an' hill-folk
 They do not know me now.

Sore-footed on the Old Road
 I passed the archard wall,
 But archard all is cut an' bare,
 There be no trees at all.
 The thatch that spread above my head
 Is gapin' wide an' old;
 An' my women-folk an' men-folk
 Are lying in the mould.

Back along the Old Road,
 Nor'ard to the sea.
 The Old Road, the Old Road,
 Is blood an' tears to me.
 There's Death an' Ruin at my back,
 The empty world before;
 An' furrin folk, not home folk,
 Will screw my coffin door.

Leslie Coulson.

The Westminster Gazette.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S REAPPEARANCE.

On February 10th the Republican Governors of seven States in the American Union met at Chicago "for the purpose of considering what will best insure the continuation of the Republican party as a useful agency of good government." They decided that this end could best be attained by nominating Mr. Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. They accordingly addressed to him a letter affirming their belief that a large majority of the Republican voters favored his nomination, and a large majority of the people favored his election, as the next President of the United States, and urging him to declare whether, if the nomination came to him unsolicited and unsought, he would accept it. "We are expressing," they went on, "our sincere belief and best judgment as to what is demanded of you in the interests of the people as a whole. And we feel that you would be unresponsive to a plain public duty if you should decline to accept the nomination, coming as the voluntary expression of the wishes of a majority of the Republican voters of the United States through the action of their delegates in the next National Convention." To this unprecedented appeal, symptomatic in itself of the healthy unrest that is animating American politics, Mr. Roosevelt a fortnight later replied that he would accept the nomination if it were tendered to him, and would adhere to that decision until the Convention had determined its choice. He added that as a believer in the genuine rule of the people he hoped that "so far as possible the people may be given the chance, through direct primaries, to express their preference as to who shall be the nominee of the Republican Presidential Convention." In a less formal pronouncement he irrepressibly gave it

out that his hat was in the ring, and that he was entering the fight for the nomination "stripped to the buff." A situation has thus been created of extreme political interest and complexity, and charged with a personal intensity that seems likely to rival the highest reading yet recorded on the election-eering thermometer.

The custom of American politics, based on a shrewd expediency, decrees that a President who at the end of his first term desires to stand again shall automatically be given a second nomination. The reason for this is plain when one remembers that an American President is not only the Chief Magistrate of the nation, but also the leader of a party. If his record as a President is satisfactory to the people, the party that has elected him profits by it; if it is unsatisfactory, the party to that extent is so much the worse off. In either case it is, as a rule, "better politics" for the President and the party to float or sink together. If the party to which he belongs repudiates the President and dissociates itself from his record by refusing him a re-nomination, it advertises its own failure as much as his and enters the contest despondent and divided. It is only in very rare cases that the American masses are in a position to distinguish between the President and his party and to rebuke the one without at the same time arraigning the other. In general, the two are regarded in the popular mind as sharing a common and indivisible responsibility for the acts of the Administration. Every instinct, therefore, of political self-preservation prompts the President and the party to hold together. If they are fighting what seems to be a losing battle they will fight it all the better by not separating their forces; if the tide is with

them union will make their victory all the more complete. The conditions of American electioneering, in short, are such that it is tactically wiser for a party to shoulder an unpopular or incompetent President, and put the best face on the matter, than to proclaim its consciousness of past shortcomings and of future defeat by dethroning him in favor of another nominee. The principle of never confessing to a blunder and of preserving cohesion and continuity at any cost is pretty nearly fundamental in the scheme of American political strategy; and it cannot be violated more publicly or with a more certain aftermath of bitterness and dissension than by withholding from a reigning President his chance of a second term in the White House. In challenging this principle and in seeking to deprive Mr. Taft of the renomination to which the rules of the game entitle him, ex-President Roosevelt unescapably condemns the Republicans to a welter of ferocious internecine strife from which, whether he wins or is beaten in the Convention, the party as a whole can only emerge in a state of distracted impotence. From the standpoint of the Republican "regulars" that is, of course, his crime of crimes.

Moreover, it may be asked, why should Mr. Taft be refused a second nomination? What has he done to forfeit it? Wherein has he failed so egregiously that a large number of Republicans should have come to regard the wreckage of the party, and the consequent loss of the Presidential campaign, as preferable to endorsing his Administration and readopting him as the party candidate? Readers of the lucid and spirited disquisition on "American Problems" that appeared in the last number of this *Review* over the pseudonym—if it can be called a pseudonym—of "An American Exile," will have gathered from it an idea of Mr.

Taft as an eminently safe, sagacious, high-minded, and competent ruler—precisely the type of President, in short, that a business community, inherently conservative though not without a strong vein of idealism, would, one might think, rejoice to possess. Such a picture of the American President in no way flatters him. He has all these qualities and many others, equally solid and dependable; and they are fused in a personality the attractiveness of which no one who has once come within its radius can fail to be conscious of. In the past three years, moreover, he has accomplished much. His handling of the fiscal question, for instance, which Mr. Roosevelt consistently ignored, has resulted in a partial, though, as he frankly admits, by no means an adequate, reduction of the tariff, in the establishment of free trade with the Philippines, in the imposition of a Federal corporation tax, in the adoption of a maximum and a minimum tariff, and, above all, in the creation of a Tariff Board for the systematic and impartial collation of the data that can alone guide Congress—assuming that Congress wants to be guided—in revising the tariff in the future on some fixed principle. Besides this, he has strengthened the Inter-State Commerce Commission in its task of supervising the railroads, has established postal savings banks, has enforced the Anti-Trust Acts with salutary vigor, discrimination and success, has promoted arbitration with Great Britain and reciprocity with Canada—both of them popular policies though neither came to a happy issue, has added considerably to the national reserves of forests and watersheds, has set up a Commerce Court and a Court of Customs Appeals for the speedier settlement of trade cases, has passed an employers' liability act which the Supreme Court has sustained, has shown at once firmness and for-

bearance in dealing with the Mexican situation and with the troublesome problems propounded by Nicaragua and Honduras, and has introduced a rigid and business-like system of economy into the conduct of Government.

This is a record of indisputable efficiency and distinction, but its political return has been almost nil. The truth is that Mr. Taft is one of the best and at the same time one of the most unfortunate Presidents that America has ever had. He has reaped little or no credit for his successes; he has been extravagantly blamed for his failures. He lacks almost entirely the talent, which with Mr. Roosevelt has always been an instinct, for making personal and political capital out of his achievements, for giving to events the dexterous turn which twists them to his own advantage. The fate of his Administration was really settled in its first few months when his indecisive attitude towards the Payne Tariff Bill alienated the Progressive Republicans and stamped upon the popular mind the impression that the President was more zealous in the service of "the interests" than of "the people." The impression was never, I think, justified, but it has never worn off; and more than one incident has seemed to confirm it. An injudicious phrase or two in some of the President's speeches, his championship of a discredited member of his Cabinet who was suspected of being out of sympathy with the policy of saving the national resources of forest, minerals, and water-power from being seized and squandered by private speculators, his predilection for the company of cautious and conservative lawyers, his quarrel with the Insurgents and his failure either to coerce or conciliate them—such things as these have helped to extend and strengthen the idea that Mr. Taft, if it would be wrong to de-

scribe him as the friend of Privilege, is at any rate not the man to lead the attack upon it. He has furnished little evidence that he has diagnosed or sympathizes with the profound, and no doubt somewhat heady, unrest that is stirring the depths of American society. The average man has missed in him the initiative and driving-power, the dramatic appeal, the intensity of speech and action, that characterized Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency. In the clash of human rights with property rights, of social welfare with entrenched "interests," Mr. Taft has not convinced the masses of the American people that he is on the popular side. He has not succeeded in establishing that current of fellowship and understanding between himself and the "man in the cars" that was never once broken while his predecessor was in the White House. His engaging openness and good humor have not availed to conceal the fact that the millions who followed Mr. Roosevelt with such passionate enthusiasm find his successor a comparatively uninspiring figure, ponderous and honest, but tame and unmagnetic. I remember once in this *Review* observing that while Mr. Roosevelt's Administration was not unlike a continuous Fourth of July celebration, Mr. Taft's was not unlike the day after, and that there was all the difference between the two men and their instinctive ways of looking at things, and especially of doing things, that there was, let us say, between Lord Randolph Churchill and the Duke of Devonshire. All the sensations of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency were at the expense of "the other fellow." All the sensations of Mr. Taft's Presidency have been at his own expense. His achievements, as I have said, have been something more than praiseworthy, but he has never made them tell; his methods have been politically faulty; he is a poor showman; the art

of creating a friendly atmosphere and of setting things off to the best advantage is not among his accomplishments. Before he had been eighteen months in office the party which Mr. Roosevelt had committed to his care in the full flush of strength and victory was broken and discredited and had sustained at the polls one of the greatest disasters in its history. Matters have not improved since then. The breach between the Progressives and the President has developed into open war; the average man writes down Mr. Taft as a perplexing failure; the feeling is universal that he cannot be re-elected. Those, indeed, are the two great arguments against his renomination—first, that there is no future before the Republican party “as a useful agency of good government” unless its leadership is free from the taint of Mr. Taft’s half-heartedness and unless it is definitely committed to a Progressive programme; secondly, that in putting forward Mr. Taft as their candidate the Republicans are consciously courting defeat. Both arguments point to the substitution of Mr. Roosevelt as the Republican nominee. In the first place, he is not only a Progressive, but the head and heart of the whole movement. In the second place, if nominated, he might win. There is at least a chance of victory under his leadership; there is, so far as can be seen, none whatever under Mr. Taft’s.

But the obstacles in the way of Mr. Roosevelt securing the Republican nomination are very great. One of them has been threshed out during the past few weeks in the columns of *The Times* between “An American Exile” and Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P. In announcing his willingness to accept the nomination if he can get it, “An American Exile” charged Mr. Roosevelt with having “broken his solemn pledge to the American people ‘in no circumstances’ again to be a candidate.” The

precise words in which this “solemn pledge” was embodied were uttered on November 8th, 1904, on the morrow of Mr. Roosevelt’s triumphant election as President, and after he had already served some three years in the White House, not by popular election, but in accordance with the law which automatically installs the Vice-President in the White House on the death of the President. Mr. Roosevelt said: “On the 4th of March next”—the day on which an elected President usually takes office—“I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.” Three years later, on December 11th, 1907, Mr. Roosevelt reiterated his pledge: “I have not changed and shall not change that decision thus announced.” Now there is no doubt that these words, construed literally and apart from the special circumstances in which they were uttered, do seem to debar Mr. Roosevelt permanently from seeking or accepting another nomination for the Presidency. But there is equally no doubt that this is not the sense in which they were taken at the time, nor is it the sense in which Mr. Roosevelt meant them to be interpreted. A custom, sanctified by Washington’s example though impugned by some of his utterances, adhered to by Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, and possessing to-day almost the force of law, prescribes that no man shall be President for three consecutive terms. Both before and after his election in November, 1904, a discussion raged as to whether the period already served by Mr. Roosevelt as President McKinley’s unelected successor did or did not constitute a first term. If it did, then he was inel-

gible for the nomination in 1908. If it did not, then there was no reason why he should not be again the Republican candidate four years after his election in 1904. It was to settle this question, and this only, that Mr. Roosevelt issued his pronouncement. It amounted to a pledge that he would not under any circumstances run in 1908; and while its meaning would have been clearer had Mr. Roosevelt specifically stated that what he was renouncing was a third *consecutive* term in the White House, nobody at the time of any consequence in American public life, or with any interest in or knowledge of American politics, put any other construction upon it or thought for a moment that Mr. Roosevelt was ruling himself out as a Presidential candidate for all time. I have discussed the matter with Mr. Roosevelt more than once, and can emphatically endorse Mr. Arthur Lee's statement that the ex-President intended his self-denying pledge to relate solely to the election of 1908, and consequently that no charge of broken faith can be sustained against him; and I will add that even if his declaration had been free from all limits of time and circumstance, it would be sheer puerility in the American people to hold him to it, and in Mr. Roosevelt to regard himself as inexorably bound by it, for the remainder of his life. But while the ex-President's friends and, I should think, most dispassionate observers have never been under any misapprehension on this matter, it does not follow that their view is subscribed to by the unthinking multitude. The journals that are opposed to Mr. Roosevelt have, at any rate, thought it worth while to keep his pledge of 1904 in standing type, and that it is hampering his candidacy cannot, from all I hear, be doubted. Moreover, the prejudice against a third term—and there is no country in which a prejudice lasts so

long as in America—while it is especially strong against a third consecutive term is only a shade less potent against a third term of any sort. Only one serious and organized attempt has ever been made to challenge it. That was when General Grant in 1880, occupying very much the same position as Mr. Roosevelt to-day—that is to say, having served two terms in the Presidency and then vacated it—put himself forward, or rather was dragged forward, four years later as a candidate for another nomination. He was beaten in the Convention, and the main cause of his defeat was unquestionably the popular objection to any man's being three times President. It would be superfluous to discuss that objection on its merits, if it has any. That it continues to exist in diminished but still formidable strength is the only fact about it at present worth noting. Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, and his supporters have not only to rebut the interpretation that is being put upon the pledge of 1904, to justify his conduct, and to reconcile what he said eight years ago with what he is doing to-day, but have also to overcome the hostility to the "third term movement."

Then, again, Mr. Taft's friends passionately accuse the ex-President of disloyalty, even of treachery, to his successor. It was Mr. Roosevelt, it will be recalled, who in 1908 forced Mr. Taft's nomination upon the Republican party and shirked no effort to secure his triumphant election. "I do not believe," he said at the time, "that there can be found in the whole country a man so well fitted to be President as Mr. Taft. He is not only absolutely fearless, absolutely disinterested and upright, but he has the widest acquaintance with the nation's needs without and within, and the broadest sympathies with all our citizens. He would be as emphatically a President of the plain people as Lin-

coin, yet not Lincoln himself would be freer from the least taint of demagogy, the least tendency to appeal to class hatred of any kind." And again, by way of a valedictory blessing before he sailed for Africa, the ex-President declared that "no man of better training, no man of more dauntless courage, of sounder common sense, and of higher and finer character has ever come to the Presidency than William Howard Taft." Mr. Roosevelt, it is urged, was thus under peculiar bonds, both personal and political, to stand by Mr. Taft and to do what he could towards making his Administration a success. Yet ever since his return to the United States he has failed even to lift a little finger on behalf of the man and the friend for whose installation in the White House he was primarily responsible. He has, on the contrary, either ignored or belittled him or openly attacked and derided his policies. From the moment of his landing his most prominent and intimate associates have been men who are among the most active opponents of the Administration. During his memorable Western tour in the summer of 1910, when the whole country was on edge to be informed of his precise relations with Mr. Taft, when his endorsement of the Administration, in view of the approaching Congressional elections, would have been of invaluable and decisive assistance, the ex-President refrained for a long while from even mentioning his successor. He made no attempt to rally the Insurgents to the President's side or to heal the breach in the Republican ranks. The intrusion of his aggressive personality had, indeed, a quite contrary effect. It threw Mr. Taft into the background, it deepened and accentuated the party divisions, it concentrated attention upon Mr. Roosevelt himself as the leader of the very men who were most bent on the President's

humiliation. Since then, while Mr. Roosevelt has let fall an occasional word in commendation of some of the President's achievements, his attitude on the whole has been decidedly hostile. It was he who led the attack on the Arbitration Treaties and brought about their emasculation. He has publicly differed from Mr. Taft's action in regard to the Trusts, and proposed an alternative policy of his own. Surrounded by flatterers and impelled by his own inordinate egotism—I am giving, of course, what may be called the Taft version of his conduct—he has allowed an imaginary, or at all events an unsubstantial, grievance against the President to develop into a private and public antagonism. "Anything to beat Taft" is his battle-cry of to-day. Forgetful of Mr. Taft's unswerving loyalty as a member of the Roosevelt Cabinet, forgetful of the restraints in decency imposed on him by their past relations, oblivious of "the square deal" when it stands in the way of his vindictive ambitions, and utterly disregarding the interests of the Republican party, Mr. Roosevelt—so the indictment runs—has now capped his campaign of underground intrigue by an attempt of unparalleled cynicism and bad faith to snatch from Mr. Taft the nomination he has richly earned.

But to all this the ex-President's supporters reply that the disloyalty has been not on Mr. Roosevelt's part but on Mr. Taft's. The President, they point out, began by making a clean sweep of all his old colleagues, or all but one, in the Roosevelt Cabinet, and by installing in their places men who had no visible connection or sympathy with the Progressive programme. Whether he intended or not to clinch the Roosevelt policies, the fact remains that he has altogether failed to convince the country that he has done so. Before he had been six months in office; and while the ex-President

was still shooting strange beasts in Africa, he had fallen foul of Mr. Roosevelt's closest friends both in and out of Congress, had driven some of them from office, and had started what looked like a deliberate campaign of proscription against the men and measures most directly associated in the public mind with Mr. Roosevelt's name. It was solely the President's own doing that the Republican party was split in twain; Mr. Roosevelt's return to America and his intervention in the elections of 1910, while it could not avert the inevitable disaster, sensibly mitigated it. Since then the country has moved forward, while the President has stood still. The Administration has grown more and more out of touch with the reforming spirit, or more and more infected with the atmosphere of reactionary obstructiveness. The masses have lost faith, not in Mr. Taft's character, possibly not even in his intentions, but certainly in his ability to cope with the many-sided alliance of plutocracy, bossism, and privilege. He has not, by his own admission, "made good"; the Insurgents have definitely broken with him, and long before Mr. Roosevelt announced his own position, had nominated a candidate of their own; there is hardly a politician in the country who does not believe that Mr. Taft, on his unconvincing record as a President, and with nothing that has touched the imagination of the people to offer for the future, will be beaten out of his boots if the Democrats have the sense to put forward almost anyone but Mr. Bryan; and Mr. Roosevelt's appearance in the ring, so far, therefore, from being against the interests of the party, or the cause of its divisions, or the product of any petty personal considerations, is an effort to furnish Republicanism with a platform of positive aspirations, to restore to it the continuity of policy which the present Admin-

istration has broken, to re-establish it in the popular confidence as an instrument of progress and not of "standpatism," and to respond to the demand of the rank and file that its fortunes should be again committed to the hands of its strongest and most representative leader. At this distance it is all but impossible to say how American opinion regards the personal issue as between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft. But the feeling that there is something in his candidacy which is not quite cricket and that his treatment of Mr. Taft has not been over-generous, undoubtedly obtains, and will, I imagine, prove a considerable handicap on the ex-President's enterprise.

But there is another and more formidable handicap with which also he has to contend. He is competing for the nomination with a President in possession; and the advantages, when it comes to meeting such an attack, of being the President in possession are very great. He is in control of, or at any rate has his hand on, the entire party machinery; he is the distributor of the Federal patronage; the office-holders he has appointed, the many more who hope to be appointed, are so many canvassers in his cause; he has built up a following that is bound to him by reciprocal ties of the plainest self-interest. Moreover, the system by which the delegates to a National Convention are chosen in the majority of States enormously favors the candidate who hopes to secure the Presidential nomination by means of the politicians, while it thwarts the candidate who relies, as Mr. Roosevelt is relying, upon a direct appeal to the people. It may have been noticed that in responding to the invitation of the seven Republican Governors to come forward as a candidate Mr. Roosevelt expressed a hope that the people might be given the chance, through direct pri-

maries, of expressing their preference between himself and Mr. Taft. The wish was as shrewd as it was legitimate. The wider the area of the contest between the ex-President and his successor, and the more the rank and file of the party can be induced to participate in it, the brighter are his prospects of success. Direct primaries such as he advocated would mean that all the Republicans in any given Congressional constituency would go to the polling-booths and then and there designate their choice for the Presidential nomination. There would be an open field and no favor, or, at the least, the manoeuvres of the professional politicians would be severely restricted and the real desires of the people would stand a fair chance, not only of making themselves known, but of making themselves effectively felt. But at present the system of direct primaries obtains in only nine States in the American Union. Three or four other States are considering it, but in the remainder the device of indirect election, with its endless opportunities for manipulation by the bosses and wire-pullers, still holds its ground, always impeding and not infrequently nullifying the popular will. If the Republican voters and not the Republican politicians were to select the party nominee for the Presidency I have not much doubt that their choice would fall on Mr. Roosevelt. But so long as the machine is dominant over four-fifths of the country, the conditions necessarily give Mr. Taft the initial advantage. This is especially so in the Southern States, where practically all the Republicans are negroes and all the negroes Republicans, where there is not the remotest chance of a single State being carried by the Republican candidate at any Presidential election, but where, none the less, delegates are recruited for the nominating Convention in the same proportion as

in States where the Republicans are not hopelessly outnumbered, and do not form the lowest and most illiterate element in the community. The business of hunting up these Southern Republican delegates, virtually all of whom are negroes, is one of the quadrennial scandals of American politics. I do not know that the scandal is any blacker this year than it has been at any time during the past few decades; but it is certain that Mr. Taft's campaign managers have left nothing to chance, and that the Southern States have been thoroughly worked by every agency of pressure and persuasion. "Never in the history of American politics," says one of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters, "has a more flagrant prostitution of the power of Federal patronage been witnessed than when recently in a certain Southern State a batch of ten Federal offices was put up at auction for future delivery to the highest bidder in delegates to the Republican National Convention." Such charges and such transactions are more or less inevitable under the deplorable circumstances of the South, and whenever there is more than one candidate for the Republican nomination. But, clearly, the one to profit by these conditions is not the independent and unattached candidate, with no offices to dispose of, but the candidate who has at his command the whole battery of Federal patronage, backed by the resources of the party organization. An unofficial candidate for the Presidency has never, at the best of times, an easy task of it in the United States. He has to evolve an organization which will cover the best part of three million square miles. He has to bring his case before the notice of over fifteen million voters. He has to fight the "machine" on its chosen ground. All this means money, enthusiasm, labored preparations, and an exceptional candidate. Mr. Roosevelt is, of course, an alto-

gether exceptional candidate, and the enthusiasm he is capable of arousing is boundless. But it is obvious that he has entered the field rather late in the day, and that though his supporters have been at work on his behalf for some months past, their efforts have been inevitably handicapped by his reluctance to come forward as a positive candidate. It was not until February 25th that he definitely announced his intentions. By that time over sixty delegates to the nominating Convention had already been chosen, and one hundred and ninety more were to be elected during March. If under these circumstances he succeeds in capturing the nomination it will be one of the miracles of American politics.

How far the ex-President has furthered or retarded his chances by the Radicalism of his most recent programme I confess myself unable to determine. That he has lost the support of many steady-going Republicans, such as Senators Root and Lodge, who were formerly to be reckoned among his political allies, and that he has stirred the East to a tornado of fury and horror, is very clear; but I question whether his adoption of the Progressive platform in all its amplitude, has cost him, or will cost him, a single vote among the mass of the people who have always, and in the West especially, been the main source of his strength. "An American Exile," voicing in the March number of this Review,¹ and subsequently in the *Times*, what I may, perhaps, label without offence the common or Wall Street view, has denounced Mr. Roosevelt as the advocate of "a programme of revolution, if not of anarchy," as wishing to substitute "the fluctuating caprices of an unbridled democracy" for settled constitutional principles, as regarding the Constitution and the Supreme Court as "the playthings of his mad

ambition," as working to overturn the foundation on which the American Union rests—with much else to the same effect. All this, I am sure, would draw ringing cheers from a sufficiently ignorant and packed assembly of Mr. Taft's supporters, but as an aid to enabling Englishmen to form a dispassionate judgment of a great controversy, in which they are interested merely as they are interested in all things American, it is remarkably poor stuff. "An American Exile," has, indeed, been already so severely handled by Mr. Arthur Lee in *The Times*, so much of his case has been shown to rest on non-existent authorities and inaccurate Press dispatches, and it has been proved so crushingly that in more than one vital particular he had not mastered the policy he set out to criticize, or rather to abuse, that I see no necessity to add to the completeness of his discomfiture. There is, however, one point, not touched upon by Mr. Lee, that it may be worth while to consider. "An American Exile" is particularly contemptuous of the ex-President's exhortation to the Supreme Court to think less of property and more of human welfare, and to make their decisions square with the spirit and needs of the times. "As if," he exclaims, "it were the business of the judges to interpret, not the law, but the mood of the majority at a given moment." On the other hand, a Supreme Court that merely interpreted the law and disregarded everything else would very speedily conduct the American Constitution into a hopeless *cul de sac*. It has, indeed, been the supreme merit of that admirable tribunal that ever since Marshall's day it has consistently enshrined the safety of the Republic as the final law of the land; that it has recognized that the Constitution was made for the people and not the people for the Constitution; that it has not been afraid to bend it to avoid

¹ "The Living Age," April 26, 1912.

the necessity of breaking it; that it has treated vital questions broadly, not as pedants, precisians, or mere lawyers, but as sagacious statesmen; that it has allowed the necessities of the times and the influence of the age to moderate its decisions; and that it has thus contrived to reconcile law with common sense and with progress in a quite novel and wonderful fashion. "An American Exile's" picture of a bloodlessly impartial Supreme Court, concerned only with the legal aspects of the cases submitted to its judgment, and careless of how its decisions may affect the vital interests of the nation, is a picture that I, for one, cannot reconcile either with my conception of what such a tribunal ought to be or with my knowledge of what the Supreme Court of the United States actually is. It would have been dead and broken long ago, and the American Republic with it, if it had not from time to time allowed "the spirit and needs of the times" to influence its decisions; and when Mr. Roosevelt invites the Court to continue and where need be expand, its sane, necessary and traditional custom he is advocating precisely the course that is most conducive to the maintenance of its usefulness and prestige.

The point is, however, irrelevant to this extent, that none of Mr. Roosevelt's proposals directly affect the Supreme Court. He has no specific remedy to suggest for the deadlock that results when changed times bring new conditions, and the Supreme Court, as sometimes happens, forfeits a part of its well-earned respect and confidence by throwing itself across the path of advancement—when, in other words, the situation arises in which the Constitution pronounces illegal what the commonwealth may deem vital. But he adjures the Supreme Court to let "the conditions of actual life" weigh with it in its interpretation of the law;

he proclaims the ultimate sovereignty of the nation over all its officials, on the Bench or off it; and while incidentally denying that he has ever criticized any court one half so vehemently as Lincoln denounced the Supreme Court for its iniquitous decision in the Dred Scott case, he takes the same stand as Lincoln in insisting that the American people "are the masters and not the servants of even the highest Court in the land." It is solely, however, in reference to the State Courts and to their decisions on Constitutional issues that the ex-President has formulated any definite policy. It constantly happens that the State Legislatures pass laws, particularly laws affecting the terms and conditions of life and employment among the wage-workers, that the State Courts afterwards declare to be unconstitutional and therefore null and void. Laws regulating the hours of labor in certain industries, laws establishing the principle of compensation for accidents, laws defining and enforcing the liability of employers, have all within the past year or two, after being debated and passed by the State Legislatures, been pronounced invalid by the Courts on the ground that they conflicted with the safeguards provided either in the National or the State Constitution for the protection of "liberty" or "property." It is not too much to say that in many American States social and industrial legislation of the kind we know in England is rendered almost impossible by the pedantic adhesion of the judges to a literal legalism and their forgetfulness of justice and commonsense; and that in this way, as Mr. Roosevelt puts it, the Constitution is perverted into "an instrument for the perpetuation of social and industrial wrong, and for the oppression of the weak and helpless." What the ex-President proposes is that if, in any given State, a considerable number of the people feel

that a decision of the Supreme Court of that State pronouncing an Act of the State Legislature unconstitutional is against public policy and in defiance of justice, "they should be given the right by petition to bring before the voters at some subsequent election, special or otherwise, as might be decided, and after the fullest opportunity for deliberation and debate, the question whether or not the judges' interpretation of the Constitution is to be sustained. If it is sustained, well and good. If not, then the popular verdict is to be accepted as final, the decision is to be treated as reversed, and the construction of the Constitution definitely decided—subject only to action by the Supreme Court of the United States." Mr. Roosevelt estimates that the process of referring the matter to the electorate would occupy at least a couple of years, and he pours scorn upon the idea that the people who have drafted a State Constitution of their own, ratified it, and from time to time have probably amended it, are incompetent to interpret it or to say what it was they intended it to mean. He even goes so far as to claim that subscription to his remedy is a test of one's faith in "the rule of the people."

There are one or two things that in considering this question in the only way in which it can be usefully considered—that is to say, in the light of American conditions—Englishmen may well bear in mind. The American Commonwealth and the States that compose it are, I believe, unique among the self-governing communities of the world in vesting in their Courts the power to declare the measures passed by the people's representatives unconstitutional. They are never, however, likely to reverse or depart from a device which is now regarded as a fixed part of their governmental framework; and to discuss its wisdom or otherwise is, therefore, unprofitable. It is more

pertinent to remember that the judges of the State Courts, whose power in this respect Mr. Roosevelt is seeking to qualify, have nothing like the same standing as our own judiciary. In four States they are appointed by the Legislature, in seven by the Governor, and in all the others they are elected by the people; they are chosen for short terms; they enjoy the salary of an average third-rate lawyer. Putting these three sources of mischief together—politics, short terms, and low salaries—"no one," says Mr. Bryce, "will be surprised to hear that in many of the American States the State judges are men of moderate abilities and scanty learning, inferior, and sometimes vastly inferior, to the best of the advocates who practise before them." Mr. Bryce is a kindly and forbearing critic of American institutions. I do not myself think he would have been far wrong had he gone further and declared that the great and growing lack of confidence in the State Courts—in their honesty and impartiality as well as in their technical efficiency—is one of the most sinister phenomena observable in the America of to-day. At any rate a proposal to revise their decisions on Constitution issues by means of a popular Referendum administers no such shock to American instincts as would be dealt by a similar proposal put forward in the totally different circumstances of Great Britain. Moreover, one must bear in mind that Mr. Roosevelt's aim is not merely to give effect to the sovereignty of the people, but also, as he says, to recall legalism to justice. I know of no reform more urgently needed in the United States than that—the recall of legalism to justice. It is needed, perhaps, most of all in the administration of criminal law, which Mr. Taft once declared to be "a disgrace to our civilization," but it is needed everywhere. Just as Americans have over-elaborated the machin-

ery of politics until democracy is bound and helpless in its toils, so they have magnified procedure and the mere technicalities of the law until justice has been thrown into the background and lost sight of. This is most apparent, perhaps, in their treatment of appeals. In England the erroneous admission or rejection of a piece of evidence, petty infringements of the rules of practice or testimony or pleading, are never considered a sufficient ground for setting aside a verdict and ordering a new trial unless the appellate Court is convinced that they resulted in a miscarriage of justice. But in America the violation of any technicality, however insignificant and however little it may have to do with the substance of the case, results automatically in the quashing of the verdict and the ordering of a new trial. The superior courts in America do not ask, when an appeal is taken to them, Is the judgment just? but, Is there any error of whatever kind in the proceedings of the trial court? If there is, the presumption of prejudice is held to exist at once, and the whole case has to be tried over again. It is this fetish-worship of forms and rules that has made the judicial procedure of America a menace to society and a comfort to criminals, and is responsible not only for unparalleled confusions and delays, but for that contempt for the law which gives birth to, and is in turn fortified by, the conviction that a rich man with a clever or unscrupulous advocate can always evade its meshes. The same narrow, quibbling spirit that has made the American administration of criminal law a byword has informed but too many of the decisions of the State Courts on Constitutional issues. They have lost touch with life; they have grown petrified in pettifogging abstractions. Mr. Roosevelt's specific for the restoration of social and political sanity to the Bench may or may not be the

best that could be desired. But that reform of some kind is imperative, and that it can only come from without, no one, I think, will dispute.

It is rather odd that what promises to be one of the principal issues in the fight for the Republican nomination, and later on for the Presidency itself—this question, I mean, of the "recall" of judicial decisions—the recall of the judges themselves Mr. Roosevelt does not at present advocate—is not a national question but a State question, and that nothing Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft, or whoever may be the next occupant of the White House, could do as President would have the slightest practical effect on its fortunes. So, too, with the other planks in the Progressive platform which Mr. Roosevelt in his Columbus speech of February 21st adopted as his own. The "short ballot," designed to deprive the American people of the privilege of voting for a multitude of office-seekers whom they have never seen or heard of, the initiative and the referendum, direct nominations by the people instead of by conventions, the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the electorate and not by the State Legislatures—all of these policies are within the control of the various States, and will be in no wise affected by the result of the Presidential campaign. Mr. Roosevelt believes they are devices which, if adopted, would improve and simplify the workings of American democracy and make the representative system really representative. Mr. Taft, on the other hand, regards them, or most of them, as the inventions of "political emotionalists or neurotics," and is especially severe on the proposal to call in the people of any State as the final arbiters of a Constitutional question on which the State Courts and the State Legislatures have differed. He believes, as Senator Root believes, that it would "undermine existing govern-

ments," and that it "involves an abandonment of the most essential feature of our system of constitutional government." But these opinions, while interesting, are purely academic in so far as either Mr. Roosevelt's or Mr. Taft's policy and actions in the White House are concerned. It would be beyond the competence of either to give tangible effect to his views on matters that are altogether outside the jurisdiction of a President and that each State is free to settle in its own way without interference from the White House. It seems, therefore, as I said, as if the contest for the nominations in both the Republican and the Democratic parties, and the subsequent contest for the Presidency, would be largely determined by the attitude of the various candidates towards questions that both the President and Congress are powerless to deal with. On really national issues, such as the Trusts, foreign policy, the army and navy, the Tariff, and the Panama Canal, Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Taft's programmes are as nearly identical as their methods of forwarding them are dissimilar. The main interest of the stands they have respectively taken on the minor problems I have touched upon is that they serve as indices to two political temperaments and to two sets of political conceptions that are in mutual and instinctive antagonism. Which of the two will carry the day

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when the Republican Convention assembles in June, no one with any knowledge of the mutability of American politics would at present care to predict. It looks on the surface as though Mr. Roosevelt, in competing for the nomination under all the disadvantages I have enumerated, were attempting an almost impossible task. But it is worth remembering that the ex-President is not only the biggest and most vital personality in American public life, but is also an uncannily shrewd campaigner. There may be forces and conditions telling in his favor which are invisible three thousand miles away. If he cannot secure the nomination for himself he may yet be able to prevent its going to Mr. Taft, and so oblige the Convention to fall back on a compromise candidate. If he cannot achieve that much, he may still be able to commit the Convention to an endorsement of the initiative, the referendum and the "recall," and so force the adoption of a platform on which Mr. Taft, even if nominated, would probably, indeed almost certainly, decline to run. And it is also on the cards that he may fall all round, and that Mr. Taft will be renominated on a platform of his own drafting. The possibilities are many, and as is usually the case in any situation in which Mr. Roosevelt is a participant, they are all interesting.

Sydney Brooks.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

However barren of good literature the latter part of the Victorian era might appear to those worthy people whose interest in fiction terminated with Thackeray and Dickens, it has already in retrospect for a younger age the bounty and the glow of unrecoverable autumn days. "Other gifts have fol-

lowed, for such loss I would believe, abundant recompense," even though the weather is never likely to be quite so splendid, the morns so magic as when enamoured youth attended at the harvest homes of Hardy, Meredith, and Stevenson. Fervor is an affair of the arteries, like youth itself, and if there

Robert Louis Stevenson.

be less elation for us in the work of our most gifted young contemporaries, it boots not to boast of what is doubtless due to some calcareous infiltration. They, too, may take some place in the remembrance and affection of an era. All good things are passed on.

Bleak and barren though the autumn of the nineteenth century seemed to so many of our elders, because the blood was thin and cold, and the wits were perhaps less nimble, we know now that the weather and the crops were a decent average. It was our privilege to follow home with cheers the maiden-sheaves of three good husbandmen. Possibly not the greatest of them, as time may show, but personally the most beloved, Robert Louis Stevenson has, the soonest of the three, indubitably become a classic, the culminating figure in one epoch of the romance now temporarily somewhat in eclipse, his name alone enough to rouse the mood of gladness and affection, his work a national possession because acceptable and dear in more or less degree, like ancient songs, alike to finely cultivated and to simple people. In the years which have elapsed since his death in Samoa in 1894, his place with readers, however it be with men who write—a matter of secondary importance—has been each year more durably established. The young have not grown weary of his stories, though, significantly, alone among the tales of his contemporaries they have become the vehicle of the teacher. /His philosophy, which emanates from every line he wrote, and on reflection jumps to the mind in concrete form, has not, for the elderly, grown stale, *démodé*, nor disreputable, for faith, hope, charity, courage, and human goodwill are abiding elements in the philosophies of all ages, things tangible to take hold of in this unintelligible world, and welcome to every wholesome appetite, like bread and water.

Save in the great gift of health, the stars that shone on Stevenson's nativity were all propitious. He had genius, sanity, gaiety, and an abiding charm of humanity which ensured him many ardent friendships. He was happy in his parentage, his opportunities, and the circumstances of his folk, which were such that at no time, save very briefly in California, and then only for the sake of pride, had he any serious cause to apprehend the calls of Byles, the butcher. Fate never drove him to the necessity of banking down his fires periodically to boil a domestic pot; he could afford to be deliberate and fastidious in the selection and in the execution of his tasks. No other writer in our time had his artistic reputation so carefully fostered and guarded by friends, themselves accomplished and discerning. They nursed it like a flower. They would have nothing from him but his best, even if he were prepared to give them otherwise, which consciously, he never was. Knowing that good work was expected from him, he came always "nobly to the grapple." In his prolonged valetudinarian absences, those friends at home, in closest touch with English sentiment, appraising tendencies, certain of his power and jealous for his fame, saw to it that no inferior performance should be permitted to discount his merits. This high estimate of what he was destined to achieve was manifest very early when his father withdrew "The Pentland Rising" from circulation. It seems, further, to have led to the suppression in permanent form in England, till after his death, of several works regarded as inferior in quality, like "The Amateur Emigrant," "In the South Seas" and "The Misadventures of John Nicholson."

This zealous solicitude for the prestige of a young artist who seemed ready to accept its implication of a rare

and precious genius which must never be allowed, as it were, to wet its feet, undoubtedly gave the cynics some excuse to scoff. England, hitherto, had never been a country to handle its artistic prodigies like fragile porcelain; its glory had been men robust and prodigal, who spent themselves with royal generosity, with recklessness indeed, as kings with boundless stores of life and inspiration, too eager to worry about an occasional copper coin in the bulk of their golden largesse. In that early Stevensonian cult there was something, as it seemed, of what with insular complacency we are apt to regard as the Continental: he was applauded as a *petit maitre*, and all the trappings—the velvet jacket, the black flannel shirt, the great preoccupation with Style, and the tendency to triolets, were “in a concatenation according.” “You should do everything in minuet time” was Lord Chesterfield’s advice; good enough counsel for a *petit maitre*, but not the deportment expected from a successor to Walter Scott, whose limp had never spooled his stride across the mountains.

Yet Stevenson and his friends were right, with shadowy premonitions. He was not of triple brass, to embark on a *Comédie Humaine* with superb indifference to mortal limitation or the hope of making up in bulk what he might sacrifice in finish. That “something not ourselves” knows what a man is fit for, and dictates what he shall attempt, with a finger ever on the pulse, withdrawing nervous granules from the brain and so creating weariness when weariness is best. Under that dictation Stevenson confined himself, in the main, to enterprises which could be accomplished in the impetus of a single mood, of inspiration, whose entire features, from start to finish, could be compassed in a moment’s thought; as lyrics are, or ought to be, conceived: his peculiar strength and pleasure were

in fastidious revision more than in creation. In five-and-twenty volumes of his works, there are only six or seven wherein—unaided by collaboration—he embarked on epic voyages (if novels like “Kidnapped” and “Treasure Island” may be so regarded); the bulk of his work, and possibly what shall last the longest, is brief and altogether lyrical. For Stevenson to plunge, like Scott or Dickens, into great uncharted seas with no land visible on the other side, or toll with the imperative printer at his heels, was a physical impossibility. He was essentially an inland voyager, leisuredly sailing single-handed, pulling up to the bank at nightfall, each day by itself a trip completed. It was well, then, that the sense, in himself and in his friends, of things impending, made them scrupulous about the nature of the freightage.

For one who only carried picked cargoes, during fifteen or sixteen years, and only for nine of them with the stimulus of public appreciation, the quantity alone in an edition like the Swanston, whose issue is the occasion of this review, is amazing.¹ There are five-and-twenty volumes of essays, poems, travels, biography, tales and letters, wherein is seldom the slightest indication of the invalid. On the contrary the spirit which is disengaged from this mass of a physical weakening’s work is like that which emanates from beings hardy, self-assured and joyful. Only his language sometimes minces; his nature steps high-breasted like a stag, regardless of the weather. Doubtless, in tender human lives, where the ebbs are exceeding low, full tides come higher than elsewhere on the beaches; for sore days and inert are compensating hours when, pain dispelled and the banner of Bloody Jack

¹ “The Swanston Edition of the Works of Stevenson.” 25 volumes. With an introduction by Andrew Lang. 6s. net each. In sets only. (Chatto & Windus, in association with Cassel & Co., W. Heinemann, and Longmans Green & Co.)

hauled down, the world is clothed in grandeur—to breathe is bliss, and the voices of one's fellow-men are sweetest music. From these hours of manumission from his maladies, Stevenson conceived the world and life as things more infinitely grand than they are to such as have perpetual vigor. It is too often the hale, well-nourished, safe, and comfortable, who cloy of common pleasures like the light of sun, and grow critical and contemptuous of the very gestures of their fellow-beings.

Stevenson never aged nor lost his illusions, because to find himself awake at any time to the full and serene possession of untroubled faculties was, in a sense, reincarnation, a fresh beginning in a world of brave sublunary things. If he looked at the drab of life he saw it as a thing exceptional, a social distemper no more general than his own poor lungs, to be regarded like his hæmorrhages, or the monsters of "The Dynamiter," with that ironic humor which is the gentlemanly antagonist of terror. Fashions in fiction chop and change as in gowns and millinery; the waist-line has come down of late, and novels for this spring season are didactic, sociological, political, and all that to the time of Stevenson a novel, any more than poetry or painting, should not be, but idealism, romance, and even sentiment—that horrid thing we condemn so loudly when the sense of it is atrophied in ourselves—have only to be expressed with the authority of genius to be assured at any time of welcome and applause. The world which cherishes the work of Robert Louis Stevenson, which buys more of his books than it bought when each one, freshly published, had a rubric in the calendar, and which in eighteen years has put three costly complete editions to a premium, has not yet banished fancy.

To impress by power alone is feasible in art; it was done by Balzac and

Dumas, but more to personality than to power does human affection for any length of time give its allegiance, and the combination, in the right degree, is irresistible. More potent than the conscious art of Stevenson to retain the place he holds is his individuality as revealed in his career and obvious in his work. His key to our hearts is a fine Horatian urbanity, a grace for the moment lost among practitioners of letters, who, perched on a pedestal of self-approval, preach at us fanatically and rudely criticize the things we love. With his urbanity commingled another element sometimes regarded as antagonistic to it, namely, irony. It is often the resort of the embittered and the harsh, but likewise it has always been the weapon of men with an inability to shout across the table against the cocksure. In its amiable form it does not lapse to cynicism, being sensitive and gentle, having no source in a flattering self-esteem. This spirit of kindly mockery pervades the work of Stevenson. It animates much of his verse, even, and, there perceived so often as an undertone of modest and amused self-criticism, has doubtless contributed to the hesitation with which some of his heartiest admirers accept him as a poet. Very few of his poems, his widow tells us, were conceived with any other purpose than the entertainment of the moment. The metrical inspiration of some of them is easily to be discovered, for, like Burns and Kipling, he was ever best at a song when he had an air to fit it to. When we cut the numbers of "Underwoods" or "Songs of Travel" from day to day out of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, they seemed perfect little gems of unpretentious thicket song, which may be sometimes sweeter, even to fastidious ears, than the uproar of the nightingale. To me, at all events, they still have a charm, perhaps not wholly in their essence but maintained by memory and

association. There cried, and still cries in them, the soul of exile and of "old unable years." His Scottish verse is in a different category; the gentle ironist is there too obvious. Stevenson's accurate and forceful use of the vernacular is not to be denied, but he used it in his verse in a manner not wholly unsophisticated, in hours when the artistic possibilities of the thing were the inspiration and not the heart's emotions.

Urbanity and irony, though not the stuff of immortal poetry, are nowhere more effective than in the essay, whose best exponents have taught us to regard these qualities as virtually indispensable. It is therefore more in the essay, than in verse or novel that Stevenson's individuality and charm as man and writer are best revealed, and it is impossible to quarrel with the conclusion of Mr. Andrew Lang in his introduction to the Swanston Edition that we have in Stevenson "the master British essayist of the later nineteenth century," by reason of his vivacity, vitality, his original reflections on life, and his personal and fascinating style, regarding which it is perhaps unfortunate that he took the world too much into his confidence, since "sedulous ape" is the readiest criticism to come to the lips of the Philistine. Poets first make poetry, and only afterwards learn about anapests and amphibrachs that they may understand their critics. Some such post-luminous after-application of old canons to acts already done intuitively is as common with artists as with politicians, and Stevenson's paper on "The Technical Elements of Style," like Poe's account of the composition of "The Raven," is more or less an artists' game, an ebullition of energetic gaiety: his own style had been directed by eye and ear, associative idea, and a natural taste for the verbally unexpected, the surprise. "My style is from the Covenanting

writers" he said. Let those who are impressed by such an airy statement, read Patrick Walker and be disillusioned. In truth, any derivation of Stevenson's style from any particular predecessor is tenuous, though his philosophy and his tingling sense of outdoor things, his tolerance towards the "friendly and flowing savage" in mankind may have been got directly from America. There are thousands of indications that for his thinking he owed as much to Whitman and Thoreau as to any of the gentlemen prescribed at the best academies. His style, in fine, is an incarnation of his thought and character, and the urbanity and fastidiousness of his nature pervade his rhythm and cadence, the choice and order of his words as much as the selection of his themes. His language could never have been the ready-made stuff of literary slop-shops, and the distaste for platitude, which with most people is confined to platitude of phrase or idea, extended, in him, to the adjective. No man was ever less constituted to feel happy in a second-hand pair of trousers, and the search through life and words for what was most in harmony with himself was unsatisfied by anything short of his private ideal.

Where Stevenson thought himself beholden to anyone he was prompt and frank enough to mention it, and generally, as in the case of the Covenanters, gave more credit than was due. His acknowledgments of indebtedness to Defoe, Poe, Kingsley, and Marryat for conceptions in his first book, "Treasure Island," are equivalent to an admission that islands, parrots, skeletons, and dead men's chests are the monopoly of who first makes use of them in fiction. "Treasure Island" none the less, in every particular was from his private mint. But another tale of his, "St. Ives," had—as I may be alone in fancying—its inception in a narrative which he probably had read

in youth in the pages of *Chambers' Miscellany*. In a volume of that promiscuous and delightful periodical, once dear to Scottish households, there is given a translation from the French of a "Story of a French Prisoner of War in England," which supplies almost all the essential mechanism of "St. Ives," including the duel in the citadel. Champ-divers and Goguelat each fought with half of a pair of scissors attached to a wand; in the French narrative the encounter was with blades of knives so utilized. There is another duel scene of Stevenson's—that by candle-light in the garden in "The Master of Ballantrae,"—which seems like a transfigured memory of a similar episode between the Duc de Champdoce and George de Croisenois in a story of Gaboriau's. Of the myriad of such dramatic hints conveyed in the works of the superficial and uninspired who knew not into what recesses of pure gold their picks had reached, I wish he had lived to avail himself still more, for from literature as from life he took no hints but to adorn and elevate.

In two of his stories—"Kidnapped" and "Catriona,"—the influence of Walter Scott, I think, is obvious. He had read "Rob Roy" at the age of ten, and stumbled half-asleep into the region of Highland romance as Scott invented it, with the result that save for some actual glimpses he got himself of the Highlands, he saw them ever after in a measure through the Wizard's eyes. "When I think of that novel," he wrote in after years, "I am impatient with all others; they seem but shadows and impostors." Yet there are few Highlanders, I think, who would not, so far as purely Highland features are concerned, prefer the adventures of David Balfour to those of "Waverley" or "Rob Roy." No nice considerations about even an approximate realism governed Scott's treatment of Gaelic life and character: he looked at them

as Professor Reinhardt looks at Sophocles, with a single eye to their effect as pageantry, and saw them in a light that never was on land or sea. He never reported the speech of the natives either in Erse or English but with magnificent insouciance, and a grotesque improvity which has unhappily become stereotyped in most of his successors, and his Gaelic characters are equally remote from actual type. I hesitate to cavil about novels which at times have been my own delight, but the truth is imperative, that Allan Macaulay is the ill-begotten offspring of that gigantic humbug, Macpherson's "Ossian," and Rob Roy, in almost every manifestation, is a Borderer without one drop of mountain blood.

Stevenson was undoubtedly inspired by "Rob Roy," but though he might vow "death to the optic nerve," he used his eyes in this particular territory of Scotland more conscientiously than Scott. He saw the masses of his picture with the eyes of Scott; the details were his own perception. It is the veritable Highland wind that blows across his pages; his glens and coasts have the impressiveness of things emotionally remembered. He had, too, a quicker ear than Scott for alien idioms and turns of utterance, and had evidently read Campbell's "Tales of the West Highlands" with profit to his manipulation of the thought and speech of persons like Alan Breck and Catriona. Further, he had grasped some salient features of the Gaelic character, and though he suggested in a letter to Mr. Barrie that Alan Breck was a Highlander only in his name and otherwise a Sassenach, he did himself there a vast injustice. It was a writer with a marvellous power to reconstruct the pterodactyl from a single tooth who, from one or two letters in the Introduction to "Rob Roy," was able to create the spy James Mor Drummond, as deadlly

true to one type of Celtic character as it was to the actual history of James Mor, though Stevenson did not know it. Oddly enough, as it may seem to such as do not realize the irony of art, the only blundering chapter in "Kidnapped" has been among the most admired—the piping contest in Balquidder, and that pipers improvise, and ornament their improvisations with "warblers" is an error as persistent now as calrngorms or the toast "with Highland honors."

It seems almost a disloyalty to comment upon an inappreciable lapse like this in one who, to the compatriot heart at all events, endears himself by countless virtues of which not least was an almost pious tendency to con-

The Bookman.

fine his criticism to himself and his achievements. We rejoice in him, not only as in him range the perfect artist who has given glad hours and the example of intrepidity to a host of people widely set apart in islands of the sea, and in the depths of continents, and in their circumstances, but also as another vindication of a racial spirit capable of flowering into beauty even where "the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat." From the loins of those Cyclopean men who fought on coast and skerry with the monstrous obstacles of nature—this gentle being with a tender hand to fashion gems! From a long heredity of Puritan austerity the elegant and debonaire!

Neil Munro.

FORTUNA CHANCE.

BY JAMES PRIOR.

CHAPTER XII.

FORTUNE INN

"Landlord," said Roland presently. "what is the first town on the road to London?"

"Loughborough, sir."

"How far is't to Loughborough?"

"Seventeen mile."

"And the next to that?"

"Leicester, sir."

Thought Roland to himself, "I shall march with him into Leicester."

It would seem that John Every's excellent viands had not only renewed Roland's bodily strength but also fed his weakening hopefulness. And all the while the church bells were going ding-dong, clitter-clatter-clang. If the ringers did not pull in relays, surely they had good Jacobitish arms of their own. Every now and then too there was heard, echoing down the passage and up the stairs, a sound, at first a mere buzz, soon at its loudest and soon stilled again. It was the tramp of feet passing the open street-door and

therewith a varied mingling of boisterous speech, song, laughter and maybe a fervid huzza, an odd one or a numerous chorus. Roland understood that the Derby folk were at last waking up to their political satisfaction. After his second helping of boiled carp garnished with lemons and fragrant of rosemary, sweet marjoram and savory, he did not decline the offer of apple-fritters; but he ate in a growing impatience with his eyes upon his watch, which he had unfobbed half through the meal and laid on the table before him. It pointed to a quarter past three when at last he again pocketed it, and springing up with his mouth full and still a leaving on his plate, asked in the same breath for his horse, his score and the direction of Ashbourne road.

"As for your score, sir," answered the host, "a shilling is soon said; your nag has had a good feed and a rest"—here he sent away the drawer who had been waiting on them, and then shut

the door—"but as for Ashbourne road, sir"—he dropped his voice almost to a whisper—"Ashbourne road, sir—I hope you've noat about you more marketable than your skin."

"Why that?"

"There's a many thieves on that road just now, breeched and unbreeched, footpads, common rogues and gentlemen highwaymen."

"I'll risk my skin and whatever I may have that's more valuable."

"I'll warrant ye, sir; but you'll hardly get e'er a body to wager you a tester on the happy side of the chance."

"My horse, if you please."

Roland threw a quarter-guinea down on the table and began to push a hasty arm through a sleeve of his riding-coat. The landlord went to the window as if to draw the curtain.

"It's mizzling wi' rain, a sorry dispermittless pigglings sort o' rain. By four o' th' clock it'll be night, by five pitch-dark, as if the ground was in black for the sky and the sky for the ground."

"There's a moon," said Roland, and resolutely buttoned his coat.

"Ay, sir, I've heerd a scholar say there's allus a moon; but us unlearn'd folk can't allus see't."

The landlord did not draw the curtain; perhaps that his guest might ponder the contrast between the fire's roseate familiarity and the repellent non-aspect of the outer twilight, as represented by a twenty-foot run of blank brick wall coped with twelve inches of dead sky.

"If you please, my horse," answered Roland, as if both to the speaker and the prospect.

The landlord took up the quarter-guinea and went out. Roland put on his hat and walked down to the street-door. He stood on the bottom step, looking forth into a gloom obscurely lighted by escapings from the clouds

and curtained windows. The wind had dropped and the air was saturated with a chill drizzle, which seemed to strike the back as directly as the palm of the hand which he drew from its warm pocket and held out to it. Yet there was evidently a less disconsolate side to the town. The bells were still ringing, or had ceased and begun again. There was the sound of the frequent firing of guns near by and of much shouting and hip-hip-hurrahing. He strolled to the corner whence there was a view of the market-place.

The square was lighted up by a huge bonfire, round which half-a-dozen blue-coated butchers were executing their peculiar form of music with marrow-bone and cleaver. It was thronged with people always on the move, pushing to and fro, jostling one another, shouting, singing, letting off firearms, squibs and crackers, with every sign of popular joy, a proper babel. Knowing that Charles Edward and his triumphant army were within half a day's march, it did not occur to him that those public rejoicings could be for aught but the advent of a Scotch deliverance. As he entered the inn again three well-dressed men came out arm in arm triumphantly drunk, God-blessing the king and damning all his enemies. They elbowed Roland aside, but their incivility did not ruffle his satisfaction. It was understood that though one man might be politically happy without being tipsy a community could not.

The door of the room that he had first occupied happening to be open as he went by, he could not avoid looking in. It was handsomely lighted up with wax candles in pewter. At the table was a very respectable company seated round a punch-bowl, talking, laughing, snuff-taking and especially drinking, their faces flushed with the fire, with the punch and a radiant joy. As the gentleman at the head of the table rose

to propose the toast of "Liberty and Property," Roland passed on.

"Everybody seems wonderfully happy to-night," he said right cheerfully to the landlord, who was waiting for him outside his room.

"Ay, sir. They think they've *raison* for't."

Master Every beckoned him back into the room, shut the door and put his change in his hand, saying:

"Your boss will be saddled in a trice, sir, sin you're bent on leaving a good sartainty for a bad maybe. God speed ye; and may your fortune be better than your speed."

"Thank ye, thank ye."

"Sir, I've been butler in a family where both the quallity and the sarvants toasted the king ower the water seven times a week reg'lar. Them's their arms on my sign, and that's their motter, 'Vicky Vindy Fortuny.'"

Roland knew that he had received more kindness from the old man than a shilling amounted to. With that and the excitement of departure he felt an unusual expansiveness.

"'Twas that motto," he said, "that drew me to your door. My mother has wrote it in several of her books."

"I was with Squire Chance o' Hathersage. Might you belong the Chances o' Leicestershire, sir?"

"Dear heart, no! Only her name happens to be Fortuna."

"There was a Mistress Fortuny Chance," said John Every with a sudden and an odd change in his manner.

"N-no," answered Roland with a slight hesitation; then swung back into frankness. "But she quarrelled with her family long ago; she never talks of 'em."

The innkeeper's eyes were fixed upon him with a new, anxious and mournful interest; as though he was comparing the young handsome living face before him with a pallid memory.

Roland perceived something of it, and his unwonted expansion suffered immediate contraction as at the touch of cold. He began to inquire about the road, and among other things asked how far it was to Ashbourne.

"Thirteen mile," answered the landlord.

"Then 'twill be only four from Loughborough."

"A good thirty, sir."

"That can't be; thirteen from seventeen is but four."

"Thirteen *and* seventeen makes no less than thirty."

"I mean the Ashbourne that is on the road to London; the road the prince left by."

John Every shook his wig and the head in it.

"We have nobbut one Ashbourne road so far as I know; and I should know." He came nearer to Roland and farther from the door. "A prince came in by't and a pretender went out by't."

The young partisan would have been angered by that balancing of prince and pretender, but his else direct thoughts were crossed by a puzzlement.

"Isn't it the road to London?"

"As well as back to Scotland? Hardly that; but it's the gainest of all roads for France."

"I don't know what you mean," said Roland, but faltered in the denial. "Speak plain."

"You say 'prince,' sir, and it suits your face and figure well. I'm of the good old persuasion myself, sir, but not so as I can't nohow be persuaded out on't, and to my mind a young gentleman who might be prince in England is pretender in Scotland and nobbut a furriner in France."

"He is never going back!" exclaimed Roland with the emphasis of an incredulous astonishment. "Never!"

"As surely as ever he comed here."

"Prithee, direct me the way to Ashbourne."

"And Scotland?"

"Ay."

"You're none going after him?"

"But I am."

"God bless thee for a brave lad! I wish I could have fun it i' my heart to go along with ye; but a man with a wife has two consciences to contend wee, and that's a sore drain on his courage. I dussn't, and I can't. I've a wife, I'm old, I've property. But take a sperritless old man's advice, sir. The prince—God save him—it'll behoove him to travel back faster e'en than he came in. He'll not be fur from Leek by this. That means twenty mile o' bad road betwixt yo and him, crowded wi' suspicious government men, wi' noisy turncoats and time-sarvers howling 'George is magnanimous'—damn him—wi' furious women that have lost their geese and hens, with his own draggle-tail—bless him—that stinks a mile off, and wi' the Duke's gethering army. If you follow 'em to-night you'll have a dark road and all the dirt, disturbance and danger i' your face. Now if you wait while daylight and go round the tother side o' the country by Alfreton and Chesterfield—I know the road well—you'll miss the red-coats, and riding light will be at Manchester in two days, which is as soon as ever your friends with all their cumbrances can be."

The suggested route would take Roland across a strip of country well known to him, Alfreton being only six miles from Kirkby. He pondered it half a minute with a darkening face, then set his teeth and said:

"He may be wanting me now. I'll go at once."

Master Every would have argued it further, but Roland cut him short with—

"Should I have slept the night here, think ye, if he had been on the road to

London? As, by our Lady, I made no doubt that he would have been."

"Then, sir, I'll go and see why Sam don't bring your hoss out."

On his way to the stables he went aside to his wife in the kitchen, drew her apart and spoke seriously to her. But as their conversation was evidently meant to be private, we shall preserve our delicacy and only record Mistress Every's last loud words.

"Tell Sam he shall have a mug of strong beer with a toast, nutmeg and sugar in't, as he best likes it."

After Roland had waited five impatient minutes the landlord came back to him with an expression on his face of grief sympathetic.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but th' hostler tells me your nag's so lame it ud be downraight cruelty to travel further to-night."

"Lame? He was right enough when I brought him in."

"Sam says he was suspekful of the near fore-leg at the first, and now he's sure on't. I'll send him up to ye, sir, if you like, but I should advise ye to see the hoss for yourself. I never knowed but one hostler who never telled a lie. He was dumb."

"'Tis not this one?"

"Lord love ye, no, sir; Sam's tongue's more than usual loose-hung. It's none tied to him nor him to it. I belace it floats in his mouth like a corp atop o' what he puts into't."

Having encouraged his guest to rely upon his own fallibility the landlord saw him down the passage into the yard. There they could hear rather than see the horses being taken out of a coach.

"The Lunnon coach, sir," said the landlord, "just comed in; and except one disappointed-looking would-be sort o' person i' the basket ne'er a passenber by't, inside or out."

"How is that?" asked Roland.

"Unsattled weather, sir, and bad roads; noat surprising nayther."

At the landlord's call a stable-boy came, and with a horn-lantern conducted Roland across the unpaved yard between a line of pigsties and a rotting manure heap. The boy seemed inclined to linger by the pigs. He held the lantern so as to light up a huge sleeping sow.

"Shay's a socker, bain't she?" said he. "I wish I'd a bit of her crackling atween my teeth now. My eye, what a belly! I wish mine were hafe as big. There's no stint here o' noat; but a man canna eat to bust hissen. Shay canna for that matter. See what a dollup o' good swill shay's letten be. There *has* bin some brucken victuals sin them petticut-men coomed. I reckon shay wishes they'd stopped a twelvemonth."

Roland had but a Friday interest in swine's flesh.

"Show me the stall my horse is in," said he.

Sam the hostler was there with his tongue loose, floating probably in strong beer qualified with toast, nutmeg and sugar. He glibly insisted that the animal was suffering from a strained fetlock. Sorrel certainly walked lame. Roland handled and examined him as well as he could by the dim light of the horn lantern unsteadily held by Sam. He could not assure himself that there was any heat or swelling at the joint mentioned, but the light was bad, he had little skill in horse ailments and his attention was preoccupied by Sam's verbiage. However the horse not being his own but lent, and lent not to him but the cause, he could not do otherwise than defer his setting off until the morrow. Perhaps it would have been as well if he had looked between the animal's hoof and shoe. Sam, fluent prophet, promised by means of diligent fomentation to have the nag fit and well by seven

in the morning, and Roland, half satisfied, returned to his private room. John Every came up just after him with a foaming tankard in his hand.

"A make-up of wife's mother, sir, for which *raison* we call it mother-in-law. She's dead, gone to heaven I hope, but she'll take it for a compliment if she hears me say, and say true, that she left the better part of hersen behind."

He put the tankard on the side of the table nearest to the fire. He set it by a chair which the drawer had just brought in, a chair with cushioned seat, wide hospitable arms and complaisant back.

"Don't lave a drop o' mother-in-law at bottom, sir. The latter end on her is better than the beginning; which isn't allus the way with ayther men or drinks having much more promiseful names."

What superiority that concoction had over purl, punch or black-strap I know not. Possibly it possessed some of the wheedling qualities of its inventress. As she was great at fostering a young man's hesitative liking for a pair of bright eyes and a hospitable table, until it grew into a serious intention of matrimony, so her compound would seem to have given encouragement where it was needed. Anyhow the tankard was empty half an hour later, and Roland had persuaded himself and was trying to persuade John Every, allowing nothing for baiting, accidents, bad roads and weather, that he could reach Macclesfield if not Manchester in one day of hard riding.

With his permission Mistress Every came up to pay her respects, a marked civility from that independent woman. She was a buxom person, almost as heavy again in the scales as her husband, and evidently gifted with a ready tongue, a searching eye and an inquiring mind. She hoped that the young gentleman had dined to his satisfaction, asked him how old he was,

complained of the shortage in provisions through the troubles, and expressed surprise that his mother allowed him to range the country in such unsettled times. But doubtless she had a many sons besides him.

"No," answered he with a twinge of remorse, "now I have gone, all she has is gone."

"Good lackaday, sir," quoth she, "a lady didn't ought to be left so lonesome, poor thing! 'Tis not raight."

"She has Press, her maid."

"And her good gentleman too, I should hope."

Quick as was her return that side-glance at her John had been got in between. But Roland did not answer, and her subsequent questioning extracted no further information from him. Nevertheless she took her leave with a smile and a curtsy and a promise of supper; a very good sort of woman with quite eight stones the advantage of her husband. The supper she served him up was even better than her promise. If their chance customers usually fared as well it was a house of a noble hospitality. John waited on him, to the utter neglect I should say of his other guests, and when he showed him to his bedroom offered his service as valet; which however Roland declined.

"I hope I hain't been troublesome to ye, sir," said John with an odd quaver of the voice.

"Certainly not," answered Roland lightly. "I take your attentions as very kindly meant and done."

"Thank ye, sir. Good-night, sir. God bless ye, sir."

CHAPTER XIII.

CAIN AND ABEL.

As the hostler had promised, the gelding had punctually recovered by seven o'clock next morning, and Roland after an excellent solid breakfast was able to set off at daybreak. The

reckoning was nothing like as much as he had expected. He thought to himself that at that rate his mother's guineas would carry him far. He was followed out by John Every, and their hearty farewells were spoken in the open air; but the last thing he said in the house was this:

"Where did he lie?"

"At Exeter House in Full Street," answered his host. "'Tis but crossing the market-place and— But I'll send the boot-catcher to show you there."

"Quite unnecessary," said Roland, who perhaps detected a faltering in the offer.

"Sir, I'm mean-sperrited enough to be glad as you're pleased to think so. As a man gets older and richer he seems to have a many tyrants ower him, an' what's worse gets to be proud on 'em." Every gave the necessary directions and added, "It's a mighty fine red-brick house set aback from the road. But you'll know it best by its winders. The mob broke 'em; after he'd gone of course."

Last of all, when Roland had foot in stirrup, John said to him from the pavement:

"When you see madam your mother again, sir, which I hope may be soon, pray give her my duty, John Every's humble duty, o' the Fortune Inn. For the sake of her name being up on my sign."

Roland rode across the market-place into Full Street and easily found Exeter House, not only by its handsome red frontage but also by its broken windows. There were already people about in the twilight, though they seemed to have nothing more pressing to do than watch his movements. Nevertheless as he went by at a walk he bared his head and saluted the temporary abode of royalty. A strapping wench who was passing, a buxom roguish twenty-year-old, openly tossed him a kiss, chapped hand to cherry

mouth. He blushed in handsome acknowledgment of the compliment, then broke into a quick trot, more in fear of her admiration than the bystanders' hostility.

After he had crossed the bridge he turned northwards up the river valley, at that season a swampy hollow hedged about by green hills. It was a cloudy morning with a howling west wind. For the first mile, to Little Chester, the going was only bad; for the next two, or so, as far as Little Eaton, was not quite intolerable, but after that under the operation of the late heavy snow and rain and the assiduous neglect of the waywardens the track had become such a composition of mire, loose stones, ruts and pitfalls as would disgrace the name of road. Still he pushed on as fast as he might and his nag seemed as willing as ever. But riding depends on the rider as much as the horse; Roland's spirits had not the vivacity of yesternorn. Then he would because he must, now he must because he would; then he was driven, now he drove himself. With the best intention in the world (and the worst roads be it remembered) it was half-past ten o'clock when he rode up into Ripley.

The hounds were out in the neighborhood, and as he rode down to Butterley they crossed the road before him in full cry. Sorrel in his eagerness to follow them sprang without warning straight at a roadside gate. His rider's inconsiderate hand tried to restrain him even while he leapt. Thus checked he jumped short, rapped the top rail with his fore-legs and fell heavily. Roland went head over heels and knocked all the powder out of his wig, but immediately rose again, much shaken, little hurt; the horse was lamed in the near fore-leg, the injury doubtless from which he had suffered anticipatorily the night before. He led him back to Ripley to a good inn

which he had noticed in passing. In its stables he took counsel with landlord and hostler, who were of one opinion, that the animal would not be fit for the road again under a fortnight. He saw that it got such relief as hot water and bandages could afford, then dined, pondering the while his situation, again reduced as he was to his two legs with an unnegotiable draft on him and but a very few guineas in gold. Quite at haphazard as it seemed he bethought him of Bob Radage's neglected commission. Dinner over he asked the landlord on what terms he would keep the horse until he was in condition to travel and then send him to Annesley. The landlord was one of those who take more interest in the advice they give than anything they have to sell. As soon as Mr. Chaworth of Annesley was mentioned he said:

"I know that young gentleman; he sometimes comes through on a visit to his uncle, Squire Poole of Heage. To tell the truth I owned¹ the nag as soon as ever I seed him, but I didn't say noat because a gentleman gen'rally ud sooner hae it doubted as his wife's hsn than his boss. Now Heage een't hardly more than two mtle from here. If I was you, sir, I'd let Joe take the boss there to the hall. Whether his honor's at home or no, I'll warrant they'll keep him gladly at no cost to nobody while he's all raight again."

Roland gladly accepted a proposal so disinterested. He was told it was barely four miles to Alfreton. Footing it even in riding-boots he could easily reach home by nightfall. Unless Jude Mikin had blabbed, probably his absence would not have become known in the village. He could direct the fulfilment of his implicit promise to Bob, give his mother certain news of the turn of events, perhaps get his draft cashed locally, if necessary equip himself for a journey afoot, at any rate

¹ Recognised.

pass the night under the same roof with her.

He so timed his departure that it was an hour short of sunset when he passed through Alfreton, but the day was so much obscured by a heavy cloud which had been slowly heaping itself up in the north-west, that it was already twilight. He knew that it would be night before he reached a part where he was well known. As far as he might he followed the Mansfield road by Normanton's breezy common, then turned off and made his own way down towards Pinxton green. The howling wind blew more and more boisterously; the black westerly cloud had been growing and growing. The premature dusk was scarcely qualified by the faint shine of the moon, which now in its second quarter was ascending the clear eastern half of the sky.

At length that mass of cloud was noticeably in movement, in commotion; a rift in it let through the sun's glare. It filled the air with an ensanguined obscurity. Roland looked round, but the broken cloud was already rejoining, the splendor was being dispossessed. In a minute that crimson trouble in the air had become but a lurid all-pervading threat. A man ploughing on the hillside with two oxen and a horse stopped him and said:

"Heerd oat o' them wild French naked savages? We reckon they'll be i' London by this, massacreeing raight and left, man, woman and child."

"I doubt they're not so forward as that," answered Roland, and hastened on.

Langton Hall was then in front of him; but swerving to the right he went straight to the Erewash, gathered himself to jump the swollen stream from a very soft starting-place, was an inch or two short of landing and went in up to the middle. As he con-

tinued along the higher ground of the left bank he saw the lights of the hall twinkle through the leafless trees, twinkle and disappear and twinkle again. The clouds had come down from their mustering on the Derbyshire hilltops, and were advancing up the valley in one dark low unbroken line. Pinxton behind him was blotted out, high-seated Kirkby was blotted out; all at once the moon lost her place in the sky.

By then he was within a mile and a half of home. He left skirting the deviating Erewash before he reached the mill, gave as wide an avoidance as he could to the two or three homesteads of Kirkby Woodhouse, and hastened up alongside a tiny counterpart of the Grives, the dingle which is scantily watered by the Mapple wells. A tall man came up out of it, invisible until he was a score paces off.

"Ethan!" he cried in a harsh voice. "Ethan!"

"I'm not Ethan," answered Roland.

"Where has that hell-bound's breed took hissen?" said the man angrily. "I want his help." Just then it thundered. "Hark at God's voice. There's a storm a-coming on, and we shall be blowed to hell afore me and the women can make the tents fast."

"It looks mighty storm-like," said Roland. "The wind's resting for a rush."

The man made no answer, but turning strode down the bank again and in a second or two was part of the general darkness. The darkness had eaten up all the earth and two-thirds of the sky. The wind, as Roland said, had suddenly fallen light; there was a threatening stillness. He hastened on, but before he had covered more than half a mile he felt the air stir again, and with no more warning than that it blew a furious gale more on his back than on his left cheek. It was black night both above and below. But as

soon as the darkness was complete it was pierced by a flash of lightning. The crash of thunder was immediate, and promptly on that signal came a storm of hail and snow. Again and again it lightened, and at each flash the downpour increased.

Soon he hit the road; of which he was aware by tread and no whit by sight. He was near the Whin-shaw as he judged and about a furlong above the Nook. Turning down the road he brought his right cheek to the blast; the frozen pellets stung his skin. Yet again it lightened, and by the blue light he saw in front of him, perhaps a dozen yards off, in the air without visible limbs, or body, the face of Marrott the keeper, a ghastly apparition gone as soon as seen. But he heard Marrott's loud rough voice in a momentary lull:

"What are yer agate on now, Roly Surety? And who's that man just be-hint yer with a knife in's hand?"

Roland looked behind, but the night filled his eyes, the thunder his ears. He did not wait to be questioned again; taken between two fears he dashed aside to the left and floundered blindly through the wet bracken, gorse and ling that bordered the road. Tripped by unearthed roots and trailing branches, pricked by spines and drenched with moisture, on he plunged, until the ground began to descend quickly. He was in one of the many gullies which furrow that hillside. During a short lull in the storm he stood and listened, but heard nothing distinguishable save the natural rumblings, hissings, mutterings and murmurs, that whether low as a whisper or loud as a roar still filled the air to the exclusion of all other sounds. He walked on more slowly down the rocky trough of the gully and began to consider his position, determine his conduct.

It would evidently be unsafe for him

to carry out his former intention of passing the night at home. Should he take shelter in the neighborhood for a few hours, snatch a midnight interview with his mother and then go on his way afoot? Or should he not at once quit that dangerous spot? Would not his sudden return be more of a terror than a comfort to his mother? His judgment was all for departing, his scheming all for remaining. For the present he was content to seek shelter awhile in Robin Hood's cave, a spacious retreat hollowed out of the rocky hillside just under the Nook. The gale had become much less violent but snow or sleet still fell heavily. He passed out of the gully into the valley below. He turned to the right and with the storm in his face made straight along the level for the cave. He had not gone far, he was crossing the mouth of the gully next to that which he had just left, when he heard on his right a loud expostulatory voice:

"What's that for? Lemme see yer! Face me like a man!"

It was so near that for the moment he took it as addressed to himself; but while he hesitated to answer there followed a louder cry, inarticulate, single, such an "Oh!" of surprise, pain, anger, terror, rebellion as is forced from lips which being greatly in need of speech are past it.

He ran towards the voice. He strained his eyes but could see nothing. When he had run as he thought a sufficient distance he stood and strained his ears, but could hear nothing save the pant of the dying storm. He waded through the snow-heavy bracken more deliberately, but with the aimless motions of a man groping fearfully in the dark for he knows not what. Suddenly the storm was laid; the clouds were still entire, but an unrevealing half-light or no-light, more terrible than mere darkness, began to

glimmer among the snow. He stopped again and cried:

"What is the matter?" And again, "Is anybody here?"

Thereupon he heard a sort of laugh only a few yards off, or rather a low hysterical snigger suppressed before well uttered.

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost!"

So saying, with his hair all a-bristle, he drew his sword and sprang towards the sound, but stumbled over a something that lay in the way. He stopped; his hands had to do abominable duty for his eyes. Their cursory examination made out a heap of clothes, a man's clothes, also a man's hand, quite warm, but which being lifted and let go fell back among the bracken. He spoke towards what should have been a man's head and ears.

"What ails you? Who are you?"

A sound came from what he spoke towards, a gasp, a harsh gurgle; which he could fancy was an answering voice or at least a groan by way of appeal. He made haste to act while the comfort of it lasted. He dropped the sword and tried to raise that inert something to a sitting posture, but it fell back at once. It was undoubtedly a man; there was a gray uncertain snow-like glimmer where the face would be; a man of great size and weight. He shrank from considering what man it was—or had been. He knelt by it and again made it sit up. He set his teeth and with repeated, redoubled ex-

ertions, which strained his every muscle and made the sweat ooze out all over his body, he managed to get its head and shoulders over his own right shoulder. As he did so there came from it again a sound, a gasp, the hoarse passage of breath or perhaps mere air. Then with one quick, almost convulsive effort he rose to his feet and straightened himself up. He felt a warm wetness on his right cheek.

Thus laden he strode heavily through the encumbering ling and braken up the gully, taking the nearest if not the easiest way to the Nook. The clouds had broken up, and now they suddenly let the moonshine through. An unrecognizable uncouth monstrous shadow glided before him along the snow; he set his foot upon it every step he took. The silence and the dead weight of what he carried troubled him. The roughness of the ground gave him many a jolt and stumble. His knees began to give way, his grasp to relax, his breath to come in pants. He was brought to a stand long before he reached the head of the gully. He stood and perforce let his burden slip through his arms. Slowly before his vision under the ghastly illumination of the moon passed one by one a gaping distorted mouth, staring inanimate eyes and a bloody pate horribly gashed; each having a dreadful resembling unlikeness to Marrott the keeper's. The tension of his muscles was suddenly loosed, the weight fell from him to the ground, he fled homewards pursued by his own terror.

(To be continued.)

THE COMMAND OF THE AIR.

The science of aviation has burst upon the armies of the world with all the force of a revolutionary discovery. It is not merely an invention—an improvement in the arms or materials of

warfare: it is a new arm in itself, and its effect on the other three arms must be far-reaching. Its progress will be watched intently by the nations which are anxious to hold their own in the

struggle for existence. Who would have predicted, ten years ago, that the horse would be a disappearing quantity on the streets of London in 1912? Who would venture to deny that in another ten years the horse as a practical method of traction will have ceased to exist? And who would deny that, ten years from now, aviation will probably be as highly developed as motor-ing is at present? Ten years are a very short period in a nation's history: but the advances that are likely to take place in aviation in that short period may mean national life or death.

This we know—that, even within the last two years, France, Germany, and Russia have taken military aviation seriously, and have made great strides in it; and that England has lagged so lamentably behind that—unless the French, German, and Russian War Offices are entirely wrong in their views—our national position is one of distinct jeopardy. But, as all aviation experts know, and as our own Government now tacitly admits, the three leading military Powers are not wrong. It is *our* position which is at fault, and it is not relatively improving. We must be thankful for small mercies, and take what satisfaction we can in the tardy awakening of Colonel Seely and the War Office; but the facts remain. Our preparations were in a seriously backward state throughout 1911; they are backward now; and we shall be relatively still further behind at the beginning of 1913, when the Seely programme is accomplished—if it is accomplished by then.

The position of the Fourth Arm in the armies of the future is already agreed on by military and aviation experts. It is not pretended that it will revolutionize the operations of infantry, cavalry, and artillery to the extent of superseding any one of these arms. They will probably continue to act strategically in much the same way

as at present, though their tactics, particularly those of cavalry, will necessarily be affected by the presence of an air battalion in, or rather over, the field of action. The avion, or military aeroplane, will be useful in a dual capacity, (a) as an aerial scout; (b) as an instrument of offensive warfare. The dirigible (as recent operations in Tripoli have shown) also has its uses in both spheres; but the general current of European military opinion recognizes that, in the main, the future of military aviation rests with the aeroplane.

In either of these two spheres the aeroplane can perform signal services, even in its present stage of development. In future operations the air squadrons or flotillas of an advancing army will be called on to act in a similar capacity to the German cavalry in the war of 1870. They will swarm over the front of the army, hunting for information in every direction, and endeavoring to find touch with the main body of the opposing forces. Indeed it is a matter of common knowledge that France was ready in the event of war last summer to discharge a cloud of aeroplanes across the German frontier, a knowledge which had a decidedly calming effect in Berlin. When we realize that the avion has a speed fully six times greater than that of cavalry in the field, and that its area of vision is much wider than that of a mounted scout, it is evident that, in this single branch of reconnaissance work, the Fourth Arm may be of vital importance to an army, and hence to a nation.

Modern armies depend on correct information to an extent little realized by laymen. Other things being equal, it is a matter of certainty that success will go to the side which is best served by its Intelligence Department. It is equally a matter of certainty that, in future, the side which is best supplied

with aeroplanes and skilled aviators will obtain the best information. Major Radcliffe, of the General Staff, showed recently in a lecture at the United Service Institution that the defeat of the Austrians at Ulm in 1805 was brought about through their faulty knowledge of the enemy's movements, and that the disastrous defeat of the French at Gravelotte resulted solely from their lack of information. If we can imagine the Austrians in the one case, and the French in the other, possessed of an air detachment, the result would have been different. Similar situations must arise in the operations of the future—situations in which nothing can save an army from defeat but correct intelligence of the enemy's forces and movements. In such cases the aeroplanes will save armies from otherwise inevitable disaster, or, in the alternative, will bring success to the side making best use of them. Hence the great efforts made by France to steal a march on Germany in military aviation. Hence also the desperate endeavors now being made by Germany to recover her lost ground by the construction of large batches of aeroplanes. The general staffs of these two Powers realize—what our War Office apparently does not—that victory lies with the power which obtains the Command of the Air.

It is here that the position of England is seen to be serious. Naval squadrons depend for success on correct information just as much as land armies. This is clear from the series of events which attended the sailing of Napoleon from Toulon for the conquest of Egypt. Had Nelson possessed information as to the departure of the French fleet, and its actual situation in the Mediterranean (such as a corps of naval aeroplanes would now supply), Napoleon would never have reached Egypt, or, indeed, have captured Malta. As soon as Nelson re-

ceived correct information of the position of the French fleet at Aboukir, he was able to make short work of it; but meanwhile his great chance of altering the history of Europe had been lost. The warships of the future will take with them a flotilla of aeroplanes (or indeed of hydro-aeroplanes able to rise from and alight upon the water), just as they are now accompanied by submarines and torpedo-craft. When within the zone of hostilities they will launch their avions, which will sweep over the seas with a speed twice or thrice as great as the swiftest cruisers, and will bring back information of the strength and situation of the enemy's ships. Quite recently I saw an American hydro-aeroplane in the course of experiments in the Mediterranean rise from the sea, sweep backwards and forwards over the French fleet, and return to land. It is already agreed that the reconnaissance work of aeroplanes will be all-important to land armies. Will it be denied that the same class of reconnaissance work may mean the difference between success and defeat to naval forces? Is it not already established, from military experience, that the fleets of the future—the very near future—will no more be able to dispense with aerial scouts than with wireless telegraphy? These questions are of vital importance to this country, in view of the vast amount of money we have spent, and are now spending, to secure the supremacy of our Navy. The Command of the Sea, so long as we retain it, is our chief national asset; but the value of the Command of the Sea, henceforward, will depend largely on the Command of the Air, which carries with it the Command of Information.

So much importance attaches to the question of reconnaissance work, that less attention need be given to aeroplanes and dirigibles as instruments of offence. Yet, as we have recently

seen in Tripoli, their capabilities in this direction are worthy of serious attention.

In view of these facts it is inexplicable that the Government and the War Office should have been so slack in dealing with aviation in 1911. Last year a sum of £130,000 was set apart for aviation—an amount almost insignificant in comparison with the French and German expenditure. Of this sum, moreover, very little was actually spent on aeroplanes. When I questioned Colonel Seely in the House of Commons last autumn, he stated that our resources were twelve effective aeroplanes and six officers who could fly; but on closer inquiry he confessed that there were, as a matter of fact, only two really effective aeroplanes capable of flying sixty miles an hour. During this time the French War Office was not only experimenting with aeroplanes in every possible way, but was making practical use of them in manœuvres. Even in 1910 aeroplanes played a considerable part in the French manœuvres. Aerial scouts were sent out to take observation of the enemy's lines, with the result that the enemy were compelled to alter their positions. In the French autumn manœuvres of 1911, aeroplanes were employed with marked success. Forty-four aeroplanes were attached to the opposing armies in three sections. They were in the air day after day, and practically all day, in all kinds of weather. They carried out their instructions admirably, and were of great help to the artillery and cavalry. One officer-pilot was aloft on one occasion for four hours and a half, and brought back full details of the opposing army's depositions. Colonel Benard, after seeing the work of the aeroplanes, said that "two batteries and one aeroplane are five times as redoubtable as three batteries without an aeroplane."

France and Germany lead the world in military aviation; and, despite sensational reports to the contrary, France is at present considerably ahead of Germany. France has at this moment 208 avions, or military aeroplanes, actually ready for use, and a grand total of 234 machines built and building. These are divided into thirteen squad-rillas, or squadrons; eight field and five garrison squadrons. The military aviation unit, as stated by the French War Minister in the Senate, is a squadron of eight avions, in three sections—monoplanes, biplanes, and multiplanes—plus a reserve section. Each squadron is provided with transport and material, comprising eleven or twelve motor-wagons with tractors, a repair car, and a rapid motor-car.

At the end of 1912 the French War Office will be able to dispose of 344 avions, comprised in thirty-two squadrons: twenty-seven field and five garrison squadrons. This total includes the 100 avions which are to be presented to the State by the eighty-seven Departments. It is practically certain, however, that France's total at the end of 1912 will be not 344, but between 500 and 600 machines built and building. The 344 Government aeroplanes will probably be increased to 400 or more machines from all sources by December 1912, by which time fully 100 or 150 more will have been ordered by the French War Office. It should be remembered that the French rate of progress is an increasing ratio, and that it is the admitted intention of France to produce a fleet of 2000 to 3000 aeroplanes, fully equipped and officered for war purposes, within the next three or four years.

To operate this aerial fleet France has an Air Regiment of 2536 officers and men, divided into seven companies. It comprises: 234 officer-pilots; 42 mechanics; 110 non-commissioned offi-

cers; 1600 corporals, or sappers; 500 privates; 40 surgeons.

The training of the French military airmen is systematic and thorough. It consists of two or three months of general theoretical instruction, including ascents in balloons; a course of detailed instruction in flying, culminating in the Aero Club certificate; and a finishing course for picked officers culminating in the certificate of "military airman," and involving cross-country flying between points thirty miles apart, reconnaissances and despatch-carrying, and methodical training for long journeys. Officers are, to all intents and purposes, constantly in training. Reconnaissances, observations, and despatch-carrying are carried out daily at the various centres, and long cross-country flights are constantly made.

Non-commissioned officers of the Air Regiment are simply trained to act as pilots—chauffeurs in fact—whose duty it is to carry the officer-observer from point to point for the purposes of observation. Every French avion is two-seated, and all pilots and officers are trained to fly in pairs—one piloting the machine, and one observing. Discarding all red tape, the French War Office places the most practical and useful men available in charge of the military aviation schools, regardless of the services from which they come and of their rank. For instance, at Chalons, the chief is a naval captain; at Douai, an infantry lieutenant; at St. Cyr, an engineer; at Etampes, a captain of colonial infantry; and at Biskra, a cavalryman.

France has, at the present time, twenty-six military aviation centres formed and in process of formation. An important station from a strategic point of view is the one which is to be formed at Calais. It is probable that this will, later on, be made a centre for naval aviation.

In the matter of expenditure the French Government have been quick to take advantage of the patriotic and enthusiastic attitude of the French people, which has found expression in the inauguration of numberless funds for the purpose of presenting aeroplanes to the State, as well as in the offer of land and sheds. In view of this fact the official provision for aviation in 1912 assumes greater significance. A total of 24,000,000 francs (about £950,000) is provided, of which 8,000,000 francs (about £320,000) is to be spent on building dirigibles and sheds, and £44,000 is reserved for naval aviation alone. Private resources will add considerably to these official amounts. To put the matter in the form of a simple comparison, it is quite probable that twice as many aeroplanes will be presented privately to the French Government in 1912, as will be bought and built by the British Government in the same period. France has not been neglectful of dirigibles, and at the present moment there are in France, available from all sources, twenty-three airships. Of these twelve are in military service, five are being built, and six are privately owned. It is interesting to note, by way of comparison, that Germany has about thirty dirigibles available from all sources.

The French War Office has made many experiments in the capabilities of the aeroplane as a weapon of attack, and numerous trials have been carried out with bombs and bomb-dropping apparatus. The most interesting, and, as yet, most useful invention of the kind is an "aeroplane bullet," with which experiments were recently made. It has a conical tip, and its sides are grooved. It is about six inches in length, of the circumference of a pencil, and is made of steel. It was found that when dropped on a plank of hard pine from a height of three feet the bullet penetrated the wood an eighth of

an inch. The conical steel tip is sufficient to maintain the bullet in a perpendicular fashion, although a device is fixed to the end of the bullet in the form of a cross which is designed to ensure a perpendicular fall. These bullets can be thrown out in handfuls by an aviator. They weigh exactly one ounce, and will kill when dropped from a height of 2300 feet. Lieutenant Scott's bomb-dropping trials have been carried out with success, and it is now known that bombs and bullets can be discharged from aeroplanes over hostile armies with considerable effect—quite sufficient to expedite a retreat, and, probably, to prevent a junction between two forces.

Before I turn from the French programme to that of Germany, I think it only right to acknowledge, on behalf of all who are interested in aviation, the great efforts France has made to perfect this science. She leads the world not merely in the science but in the practical art and it more than ever behoves Great Britain not to rely solely upon the good friendship of our ally but to put our house in order so that in time of trial we could support her as she would undoubtedly support us.

The attitude of Germany towards aviation has undergone a great change in the last twelve months. At first the German War Office clung obstinately to its belief in rigid dirigibles, but the many disasters to airships of the Zeppelin type brought about a modification of this attitude. Last year the General Staff suddenly woke up to the progress of France in aeroplane construction, and the great advantage conferred by it. The result was an expansion of energy worthy of German military traditions. In October 1910 the German authorities owned forty military aeroplanes; in April 1911 the total was sixty; in January 1912 the number available had risen to 100; ten more were added in February, and in

the last week of February an order was placed for fifty, bringing the total to 160 machines, built and building. It is now reported that no fewer than sixty-eight aeroplanes of 120 horsepower and capable of flying eighty miles per hour are under construction for the German Army at the Rumpler factory alone. Some, if not most of these, it is fair to add, are included in the 160 here mentioned. Just as this article goes to press, it is reported that the German War Office has ordered forty more machines of the Taube pattern. Sixteen of these are to be delivered in eight weeks—or at the rate of two a week, a very striking figure. This brings the total of German aeroplanes, built and building, to a minimum of 200. It is probable that other machines are under construction secretly, and it is now estimated that Germany will possess a total of 250 to 300 aeroplanes, built and building, within the next two or three months. By the end of 1912, at the present rate of construction, so far as it is known, the total number of German machines will probably be between 400 and 500. A factor which will, however, affect the situation is the reaction of the French and German building programmes on one another. The only effect of this will be to increase considerably the total output of aeroplanes in either country.

German expenditure, as officially stated, is, it is true, not on so large a scale as the French financial provision, but a sum of £740,000 is available for this year, and Prince Henry of Prussia urges the expenditure of £1,500,000. Still in Germany, as in France, there are numerous public subscriptions for the presentation of aeroplanes to the Government, though there is not quite the same popular enthusiasm. It is worth noting, however, that there are seventy-five aero clubs in Germany, with a total membership of 70,000. It

is significant, in view of the fact that Germany is undoubtedly concealing some part of her aviation resources, that there are at present, formed and being formed, twenty-two aviation centres. In addition, there are eleven airship stations.

There are three air battalions in Germany, but the figures relating to them are not yet accessible. One hundred and fifty officers hold pilot certificates, and about 100 are undergoing instruction. The German War Office recently called for fifty volunteers for the Flying Corps, and over 1000 officers responded. They are, exclusive of military aviators, 165 qualified airmen in Germany at the present moment. The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail* estimates Germany's airmen at the end of 1912 at 400; 200 military and 200 civilian. This is perhaps a conservative estimate. The training of German military pilots is similar to that in vogue in France. Long observation flights across country are made, and the men are trained to fly in pairs, one for steering and one for observation, but both must be pilots. Germany also is making experiments in bomb-dropping from aeroplanes at the Doeberitz Camp, and a German firm has placed at the Government's disposal an armored aeroplane which, it is claimed, can resist rifle fire and light shell fire.

There are in Germany about thirty airships available from all sources. Of these thirteen are privately owned, and one is believed to be under construction. The War Office has under consideration the plans for an enormous dirigible capable of carrying 300 men and engined to give an estimated speed of 25 yards per second. The dirigible will be similar to the Zeppelins in appearance, and will have a gas capacity of 3,500,000 cubic feet. The plans have been prepared by Messrs. Schleibinger and Wetzell, and the military au-

thorities are experimenting at Cologne in connection with them. The airship will be 1000 feet long, and it is expected that, if the vessel should prove a success, the Government will place orders for a number of them. Count Zeppelin declares that an airship of this type could cross the Atlantic safely in three days.

In contrast to France and Germany the position of Great Britain is deplorable, even abject. At the present moment we have only eighteen machines, of which not more than five are effective for war purposes. The present Air Battalion, which consists of fourteen officers and 135 men, is to be renamed the Flying Corps, and to have an addition of 133 army officers and thirty or forty naval officers, with a reserve. The time that must elapse before these additions can be completed will be considerable, owing to the training necessary and the inadequacy of the Government Flying School. Our fleet of airships numbers five—one of which is building—an order for a new naval airship having been placed with Messrs. Vickers.

An example of the red-tape methods of the War Office was given recently. Men of the Territorial Balloon Company had taken advantage of a generous offer to go down to Eastchurch, paying their own fares and expenses, each week-end to receive instruction in aviation. After several had become proficient, the War Office was approached to see if the men could obtain their expenses. The answer was that the practice must stop. Some time ago Lord Haldane stated that he wished to see a Territorial aerial reserve in existence. Apparently, however, the War Office desires to nip all such impertinent patriotic endeavors in the bud. As Colonel Seely has expressed regret that he cannot promise to rely exclusively on British aeroplane manufacturers for his fleet, it should

be noted that there are eight firms in England capable, with their present resources, of turning out aeroplanes at the rate of ten to twelve a month. This output could be increased in the course of the present year to twenty or twenty-five machines a month, if proper encouragement were forthcoming from the Government. There is no reason why British manufacturers should not supply the British aerial fleet. Their aeroplanes are admittedly superior in workmanship to the Continental machines, and there are several English engines giving excellent results.

As to Colonel Seely's recent statement in the House that they are dangerous to human life, I can hardly characterize it without using language forbidden by Mr. Speaker. It has made us and our manufacturers the laughing-stock of the Continent, and is, I need hardly say, a cruel libel on a rising and to the country a vital industry.

Such being the actual state of military aviation in Europe—I must omit the progress of Russia and Austria-Hungary from the present article—it is evident that the Seely programme for 1912 is highly unsatisfactory. It is open to serious criticism on two grounds: (1) it is wholly insufficient, and (2) it fails to encourage British makers. Colonel Seely stated that 131 aeroplanes were to be purchased under this programme, but he held out no hope that they would be bought, built, and delivered in 1912, and it is extremely doubtful if 100 or even seventy machines out of this number will be at the disposition of the War Office by January 1, 1913. On March 7 I asked Colonel Seely how many aeroplanes were actually on order at that moment, and he replied that "negotiations were in progress" for thirty-six machines, only eighteen of which were British. Why order any British machines if

they are dangerous to life! This answer showed how poor a start has been made towards carrying out the Seely programme, and it causes one to suspect the scheme as a whole. As we have seen, the £130,000 spent on aviation in 1911 only produced two effective and ten ineffective aeroplanes. The estimates for 1912 provide an additional £177,000, but out of this sum £90,000 is to be spent on land not for aviation solely, but really for general Army purposes. Then there is £5000 extra for salaries, £5000 extra for the staff of the new school, £5000 extra for wages at the new factory, £5000 extra for prizes for the new competition, £5000 for the expenses of the competition, and £3000 extra for premiums to pilots. Altogether the new school and the new factory are to cost from £40,000 to £50,000, and very little is actually left for the purchase of aeroplanes.

The Government scheme is, in fact, a paper scheme. The French, German, and Russian programmes are solid realities. Our Government neither attempts to arouse the enthusiasm of the people, like the French Government, nor depends on the energetic use of its own resources, like the German. It is dawdling and frittering away its resources, while the Continental Powers are striving every nerve to gain the Command of the Air. What is needed is a new aviation programme of considerably larger proportions than the Seely scheme. The terms of the War Office competition should be revised and enlarged to encourage British manufacturers and inventors. Under the conditions of the present competition the War Office is entitled to prevent any would-be competitor from taking part in the trials. This is a deadly discouragement to British designers, who need, first, security, and next a fair prospect of reward. The policy of the Government in discouraging the use of British en-

gines in War Office aeroplanes is also a fatal blunder. It is a self-evident proposition that, if ever this country is to obtain and keep the Command of the Air, it must do so by the efforts and the intelligence of its own people. In the sphere of aeroplane design and manufacture brains are all-important. We have the necessary talent in Great Britain, and it is the first duty of the Government to develop it. To do this every person or firm entering a machine for the War Office competition should be able to depend on a good reward if the aeroplane, when tested, proves to be excellent; while for the present every aeroplane passed as conforming to a certain standard of efficiency should be bought by the Government. The use of British engines should be optional in all classes of machines, and compulsory in most.

Furthermore, the Government should by all means encourage the training of non-commissioned officers, privates, and mechanics as air-pilots. I am glad to say that Colonel Seely, in reply to my questions in Parliament on March 7, has promised that this shall be done;

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but without the impulse of public opinion it will not be done properly. In the North of England and in Scotland we have an almost unlimited supply of handy mechanics who are just the class of men to make admirable aviators; while the lower ranks of the Army and Navy contain many keen and plucky young men who would eagerly seize the chance of promotion involved in their training as aviators. Here indeed is an opportunity for promotion from the ranks. The French War Office has adopted this policy with brilliant results. It should be remembered that Paulhan himself is a promoted chauffeur. Every effort, both national and administrative, should be taken to lift the country from its present dangerous position to one of security. To accomplish this, not one Seely programme, but three or four such are necessary. The Fourth Arm has come to stay and to conquer, and it is to be trusted that both the Government and the people of England will not rest content to lag behind, while other Powers hopelessly out-distance them in the race for the Command of the Air.

W. Joynton Hicks.

THE BREAKDOWN OF AMERICAN JUSTICE.

Mr. Roosevelt's proposal for the "recall," by means of a popular referendum, of the decisions of State Courts on Constitutional issues is not likely to commend itself to the American people. But it may indirectly have the useful result of fixing their attention on what, after all, is the essence of the whole problem—the perversion and maladministration of the law throughout the United States. The ex-President has declared that his primary object is to "recall legalism to justice"; and that undoubtedly is a reform imperatively needed if the Courts are ever to regain the confidence they are now

visibly and rapidly losing. Mr. Roosevelt's diagnosis is substantially right, though his prescription is wrong. He has hold of the tail, but no more than the tail, of a fruitful idea; and his inability to handle it properly is in its way indicative of the confused and irritable bewilderment with which the average American faces the stupendous fact that American justice has broken down. What the United States needs more than anything else is a reformer of the Jeremy Bentham type, to restore common sense to its codes, and simplicity to their administration. The field for such a man would be well-nigh il-

limitable, and while it is not wholly unoccupied, while many American Judges have spoken out clearly and courageously against the abuses of the law, and while the more progressive papers and magazines are taking up the question with a crusading earnestness, nothing of any real moment has yet been accomplished. Opinion is forming, a knowledge of the facts is spreading. But of definite reformation, of any reasoned perception of where and how to begin, there is so far hardly a sign.

It is perhaps in the sphere of criminal law that the collapse of American justice is most apparent. In the past twelve years the present writer is able to recollect only one instance in which the criminal law worked with anything approaching the English standard of swiftness and precision. That was in the case of the man who shot President McKinley. Public opinion insisted on a speedy trial and a speedy execution, and public opinion had its way. Had the victim been a man of less prominence, the odds would have been over eighty to one against his assassin ever being hanged or electrocuted. These odds are not to be taken as a mere figure of speech. They are a literal fact, capable of mathematical demonstration. Since 1885 there have been some 177,000 murders and homicides in the United States, but under 3,000 executions. In 1885 the number of murders was 1,808; in 1895 it had risen to 10,500; in 1910 it stood at 8,975. In 1885 the number of executions was 108; in 1895 it was 132; in 1910 it was 104. Roughly speaking, Americans are now killing one another at the rate of over 9,000 a year. Looking over the statistics of the past seven-and-twenty years, one finds that, while executions have remained virtually stationary, murders and homicides have multiplied five-fold. In 1885 for every murderer executed seventeen murders were committed; in 1895 the proportion was one to seven-

ty-nine; in 1910 it was one to eighty-six. There are, indeed, few crimes of which an American can more safely be guilty. If he commits a murder the odds are more than three to one against his ever being brought to trial; they are more than ten to one against his being sentenced to imprisonment; and, as has been said, they are more than eighty to one against his suffering the extreme penalty of the law. Those are the chances officially ascertained from official statistics, and they apply to the country as a whole and to all its people. But it need hardly be said that if the murderer is a white man the odds in his favor are very much above the statistical average, and very much below them if he is a negro. Only one country in the world, Mexico, exceeds the American record of murders, a record that is proportionately five times as great in the United States as in Australia, more than fourteen times as great as in England and Wales, eight times as great as in Japan, ten times as great as in Canada, and about twenty-five times as great as in Germany.

We see, therefore, in America an inordinate propensity to crime accompanied by an unexampled failure to punish the criminals. To some extent the two phenomena act and react upon one another. But there are many other explanations that account for the immunity enjoyed by American murderers. Politics, the Press, public opinion, the pardoning power—in the exercise of which we, of course, believe—in the hands of unworthy men, all have something to do with it. But beyond everything else the fault lies with the Courts and the Judges. The criminal procedure of America to-day is very much as ours was in the time of the Stuarts. It is hopelessly entangled in technicalities, and neglects justice and common sense to chase after an impossible infallibility of form. In a criminal case, as it is conducted across the

Atlantic, it is not the prisoner in the dock, but the judge on the bench, who is really on trial. The counsel on both sides polish up a thousand little points of pleading and practice and evidence, and fire them off at the judge, who has to decide upon them off-hand. If he falls into a single error, no matter how trivial or how far removed from the question of the guilt or innocence of the accused, the Appellate Court will order a new trial of the case almost automatically. It has been calculated that in fifty per cent. of the cases brought under review in the Appellate Courts new trials are granted.

That, of course, is the grand distinction between the American procedure and our own. In the English courts all errors of form are brushed aside unless they can be shown to have caused a miscarriage of justice. In the American courts any error, however technical and however little related to the fundamental issue, is held to presume prejudice. The Appellate Judge considers, not whether the verdict he is reviewing is a just one on the facts of the case, but whether a single error of procedure was committed in reaching it. And if any such error is discovered, he has then to satisfy himself not only that no prejudice to the rights of the accused arose from it, but also that none could have arisen in the mind of any jurymen. The rule, or at any rate the practice, of American Courts of Appeal is that any error which it is impossible to show affirmatively did not prejudice the prisoner must lead to a reversal of judgment and a new trial.

Thus it is that one finds such absurdities as that of the United States Supreme Court, the highest tribunal in the land, upsetting a judgment because the record failed to show that the defendant had been arraigned and had pleaded not guilty. Thus a re-trial was ordered in one case because the cross-

examination of a witness extended somewhat beyond the examination-in-chief; and a conviction was set aside in another because the prosecuting attorney said some things in his speech to the jury that the Appellate Court thought he ought not to have said; and in a third case, by reason of some wholly immaterial error, a court felt constrained to reverse a judgment which in the same breath it declared to be absolutely just. In Texas, within the last few years, a man has been tried no less than six times for a single murder. Four convictions have been obtained; all have been reversed; and the murderer goes scot-free. In South Carolina, not long ago, an indictment was dismissed because the word "father" was spelled "farther"; in West Virginia, because the name of the State was once written "W. Virginia"; in Missouri, because the particle "the" was accidentally dropped before the word "State"; in Texas, because it was charged that a crime had been committed in a house occupied by six people, while the evidence showed that in fact only five people lived in it; in Florida, because a man was convicted of stealing a cow, while the witnesses described the animal as a steer; and in California, in the notorious case of Schmitz, the Mayor of San Francisco, because "the Trial Court did not know, and could not know, because the indictment did not allege it, that Schmitz was Mayor at that time."

These few instances, from hundreds that might be given, show the spirit in which the law is construed in America. They do not justify Mr. Roosevelt's specific of the "recall"—which is, of course, approaching the problem from the wrong end—but they sufficiently prove the soundness of his general contention that legalism and justice have parted company, and ought to be reunited.

THE YAMEN PRISONER.

(CONCLUDED.)

The gate closed behind her, and she was out in the empty white street with the adventure begun. Her only fear here was of dogs—fierce, wolf-like marauders that roamed the city. There would be no people, save perhaps a stray night-thief, who would be as anxious to shun her as she to avoid him. Eleven o'clock at night is not a time at which the Chinese care to be out of their houses, and the street was quite deserted. To-night there were not even dogs.

The effect of the silence upon her was to make the next twenty minutes seem like hours. She dared not suppose that she would succeed. The likeliest thing to happen was that the Yamen gatekeeper would drag the bag away from her as soon as he found that it contained money, and thrust her outside the gate.

The mud wall with its tiled eaves hid the Yamen from sight, and only the roof of the gate-house peeped over. She glanced at the spot where the prisoners had sat that morning, and knocked sharply on the wooden gate. The noise only roused an echo, so she knocked again. A grunt came in response, and a sleepy voice asking who was there.

"Open quickly," she replied.

There was the sound of a sleeper rolling off the k'ang on to his feet; then again the grumble—"Who is there?"

"Open quickly and talk less. I come on an important errand."

He could only judge by the voice, which was low and had a perfect accent. It gave the impression that the speaker was some one of degree who was not accustomed to brook delays. Yet it was a strange hour for a visitor. He opened the door a crack, to peep out. Just at his eye-level he saw the silver rim of a col. The door opened wider and Helen's hand shot in, dis-

playing a couple of dollars. Instantly the gate-keeper relieved her of them, and she withdrew her hand and held out more, saying, "Now, open; see what comes!"

She entered the compound, and the man stared at the dark, cloaked figure. He was sleepy and mystified.

"Who are you, and why do you come?"

"Listen while I speak. There is a foreigner here, a gentleman of the English nation, and through some mistake he has been set among the prisoners. I am sent to restore him to his own people, and you are the person who is privileged to help me. You know the value of money. You know the difference that it makes in a man's life. If you want to please your wife and educate your children well, help me now! You shall have fifty dollars if you bring him to me without rousing the Yamen."

It was a large sum to him. He looked at the little bag and saw that it was heavy. Helen had a sudden fear that he would take it from her, and clutched it tightly. A breeze fluttered her cloak. She saw the man stare.

"You will have to set him free and close the gate upon us, and then you will have fifty dollars. Is it in your power every night of your life to earn such a sum?"

He had stepped back a pace and was still staring. The wind drifted the cloak off her shoulders and laid it upon the ground.

"Are you a spirit?" he asked, his voice tremulous.

She blessed the warm evening that had sent her to a loose white gown, for a belted waist would have betrayed her as a foreign woman in an instant. She quickly saw her advantage.

"If a spirit, then a good spirit," she answered. "You need not be afraid.

No evil shall happen to-night so long as the foreign prisoner is not harmed. Bring him to me and then take your reward."

The man edged round at a safe distance from her and put up the bar of the gate. Then, bowing low, he said that he would obey her orders.

He went towards the Yamen and she followed. They skirted the low, one-storey building, walking so close to its walls and windows that Helen could hear the breathing of sleepers within. At the back was a lean-to shed built of mud, with a straw roof which sagged in at one corner. The door was fastened on the outside with a bar.

"Is he here?" she whispered.

"They are all here."

"Are there guards?"

"Only one. Give me some money."

She saw that he did not like to approach her, but stretched out his hand diffidently. She gave him five dollars.

"That were waste," he said, pouching three and keeping the others in his hand.

He pulled open the door, and a rush of foul air came out as the moonlight entered. The gatekeeper touched the sleeping warder and chinked the dollars in his ears. "Here is money for you—come in the middle of the night—for nothing!"

The man awoke and stared.

"Do not wake. See nothing and hear nothing."

"What is it?"

"Nay, I know not, but the thing brings money."

The warder caught sight of Helen.

"It is a spirit," he whispered.

"It may be. But its money is of this world."

"Do you not know what it is?"

"Not I. I did not touch it to see if it had substance."

"Didn't you take the money from its hand?"

"I held out my palm and it dropped the money in, out of consideration for my susceptibilities. Sleep now, and turn your head away. We are going to unloose the foreign devil."

"Nay, if the spirit's coming in, I go out!" and the warder sidled past Helen nervously, keeping his eyes fixed on her with a ludicrous expression of fear.

Helen looked in at the door. The low hut was dirty and stifling, in spite of the hole in the roof. There was no window, but a small door led into the Yamen, and that, in itself, seemed a menace. The floor was covered with humanity and wooden stocks. The row of prisoners, coupled and collared, had been thrust in here for their night's rest, and the mass of them had sunk down in whatever position gave them least pain. There were whimpers of distress, but there was very little movement. It was agony to self and neighbor to move a hand. The moonlight shone upon twitching feet and heaving chests.

"Mr. Lyndon."

"Oh!"

"Don't move yet. The gatekeeper is coming to take off those things. Where are you?"

"Fourth from the end," said the strangled voice.

The Chinese picked his way across the floor among the prisoners. He unfastened the neckboard, and Helen carried it away and leant it against the wall. Whatever the crime, this was a heavy penalty. The gatekeeper cut the bonds, strong braid lashings, whose knots no amount of teasing would loosen. Helen heard the swish of in-drawn breath as the wounded wrists were handled.

"Don't move," she whispered. "Don't try to get up for a minute. I'm going to give you some brandy."

She bent over him. He gulped at the flask, then drooped down and laid his head against her knees. Prisoners

were waking up all round them and asking questions.

"Be silent," said Helen. "Not a word is to be spoken. One among you is being released, and if the guard hear, it will be bad for all. Do not speak or move, and I will give the gatekeeper money, and in the morning he will bring you extra food that will make the day seem easier."

They tried to keep silence, but others awoke and had to be informed, and one or two cried out in surprise at the white figure. In vain the gate-keeper said, "Ch-ubah, ch-ubah," under his breath. They pulled Lyndon to his feet and led him towards the moonlight. Helen had not thought to find him so helpless. "You will be better when you get into the air," she said, as they went slowly step by step. The wondering voices quieted down and all seemed to be going well when a lad asleep at the far end of the room was suddenly taken with nightmare. He jerked awake and gave a yell.

Helen turned cold. She looked round at the Yamen door, saw it open and a head appear near the floor and stare. Some sleeping soldier had been awakened and peeped in without rising. It was a crafty and unenlightened face, its dulness relieved for the moment by astonishment. The gatekeeper dropped on to his knees and hid behind Helen. The soldier peered interestedly. If the white figure had taken Lyndon in its arms and soared away with him, he would readily have believed it a ghost, but as it merely walked step for step beside him it showed a touch of the human. The face withdrew and the door closed. The gatekeeper straightened himself and ran out of the hut. Helen heard his steps going in the direction of the gatehouse and knew that he had deserted her.

"We must be quick," she whispered. "They've seen us. We will get under the shadow of the wall and then creep

along. Straight across this bit of moonlight, its' only a few yards. Be as quick as you can."

He did not answer, for he was putting all his energy into his work. But it was an immense effort, for even the fresh air had declared against him, and instead of reviving turned him faint. He walked as if he were wading through water that grew deeper and deeper. There was a sound of commotion in the Yamen, voices calling.

"They're waking the soldiers," said Helen. "Take longer steps. Once under the wall in the darkness and we shall be all but safe. It's this deadly moonlight that's the danger. Oh, do make an effort. It's only such a little way, and you can rest when you get there."

Her voice was cutting. It was not the moment for sympathy; it was the moment for slave-driving, in the hope that severity might brace. She heard the sound of velvet boots upon a wooden floor, and a rattle, as of arms. Voices mingled in excitement and consternation. Lyndon's damp brow glistened in the moonlight. She caught him under the arms and tried to draw him along. But the current against which he seemed to press was going too strong for him and he came to a standstill. He lifted his feet and put them down again, but he did not move forward.

"Don't wait for me," he said. "Go—please."

His face lost its look of concentration and became vague. He threw her an appealing glance. Then his knees bent, he came down upon her shoulder and let go his consciousness with a sigh.

She looked about for help, but the clear, revealing moonlight gave no inspiration. They were perhaps thirty yards from the Yamen and a little more from the coveted shadow of the wall. The belt of moonlight in which

they stood was the danger-zone of the whole compound. He was a dead-weight in her arms and on her heart. She was strong, but she could not lift him, or even drag him. She was panting under his weight, but abandon him she would not, so she sank down with him upon the ground, edged a little in front to hide him and spread out her white dress. As she glanced across at the Yamen window a hand tore out one or two panes.

She turned to Lyndon. "My friend, I've failed. It would have been better if I'd let you alone."

She strained for a reply, for some murmur of dissent; but none came. Surely if he had had a spark of consciousness left he would have answered her.

The noise inside the house increased. The wood and paper screens that formed the window were taken out, revealing a crowd of people so densely packed that they had difficulty in moving. As she gazed at them she could distinguish officials, servants, and then the pikemen of the Yamen guard. These were armed with hatchet-like spears, six feet long, deadly weapons that could either thrust or stab. Helen seemed to freeze when she saw them. Lyndon would not end in the cangue; he would be stabbed upon the ground beside her, while she would be hounded round the compound at the halberd's point. She knew that she would never be able to stand up against them. Or they would be taken prisoners and carried into the Yamen. What her own fate would be then, she did not dare to think. Lyndon would be tortured, given over to the death of a hundred cuts, and that without the bribe that makes the third cut death. She wished that she could parley with them, in the *rôle* of spirit, but she had no voice, nor could she marshal any words. She could only sit still and wait, locked in the paralysis of fear. And in a moment

she ran through the whole gamut of its sensations. Then these passed and she stepped clear of them all. She concentrated her thoughts upon Lyndon. His man's frame with the strength gone out of it had touched her deeply. She put out her hand and shook Lyndon's shoulder, hoping for a word. He was so silent and unresponsive that she wondered whether he had not already gone upon his journey, and stolen a march upon the pikes. Her thoughts flew to her father, but she mutinied against thought and barred it out. Then the sergeant got his men into rank and gave the word to advance.

So the end had come. Either they were to be killed by the pikemen or else imprisoned in the Yamen, which was even more to be dreaded. She felt no doubt that Lyndon would rather take his farewell to life at her hands than pay out his remaining cable moment by bitter moment in the iron misery of the cangue. He must not be taken back into the Yamen. Her eyes measured the distance to the Yamen door. Call it fifty paces; if they took ten in her direction—

She put her hand into the bag for the knife. She bent over Lyndon. He was alive and warm, but entirely silent. She moved his arm from across his chest and decided upon the spot at which to strike when the dread moment came. Those who loved Helen Braithwaite would not have cared to see her face at that moment; it was dark with a desperate courage as she turned to look at the Yamen, wondering at the delay.

The pikemen were arguing with their officer.

"Can you not see that it is a spirit?" cried an angry soldier. "It will merely blunt our weapons and revenge itself by bringing sickness upon our homes."

"March, or you will be flogged."

"Nay, we would rather be flogged than attack a spirit," they said.

"March at once. This sort of spirit cannot stand against your pikes. I know it."

"The thing has what it wants—the body of the foreigner. I say let it be," said another.

"Call up the riflemen, then. Let them try first." And the pikemen fell back gladly.

Helen watched them wide-eyed, in absolute unblinking silence. Then she touched Lyndon's shoulder again, saying, "It's going to be a bullet."

Four riflemen made their way to the front, the sergeant pushing them into their places. The Mandarin of the city held the rank of major, but beyond bearing a badge, an embroidered bird upon his back and chest, he took no part in the affairs of the army. The slipshod mercenaries got into their places, while heads bobbed and craned in the background for a view. The sergeant was just going to give the order to fire when he discovered that two of the firing-party had not taken out the red tassels which stopped the muzzles, or undone the red cords twisted round the locks. He harangued them, cuffed them, watched them load, and then ordered them to fire.

"Fire into the air," cried a voice, "and cut the cord that lets it down from above."

This was answered by, "Fool, it is the hour when spirits walk. It has come out of a grave. Frighten it well, and it will go back whence it came!"

And another voice cried, "Nay, it is the spirit of the foreign devil who forsook him when we put him into the cangue, trying to be reunited to him now."

The sergeant stamped his foot.

"Fire!" he cried again. And the bullets rushed on their way.

Helen gave a little sob, and then discovered that neither she nor Lyndon were hit. She gathered herself for the next emergency.

"What did I tell you?" cried the soldier who had spoken first. "The thing cannot be hurt by bullets, and therefore is not to be frightened by them. It has its prey. It will take it away when the light grows."

"Fool!" returned the sergeant. "Give me your rifle. You shut your eyes when you pulled the trigger. If I do not kill the white thing it is because it cannot be killed. Stand aside." The man swiftly withdrew, and Helen saw that they were going to fire again. She gazed at the muzzles; the sergeant was aiming at her, and something in the way in which he pressed his cheek against the stock showed that he knew how to use a rifle.

What if he hit her and left Lyndon? The cangue at daybreak. (All thought came back to this point.) She had her hand out for the little knife when the volley roared. She had a sudden sickening sensation that the world was going to pieces around her; then she discovered that a bullet had just grazed her arm.

The report seemed to rouse Lyndon. He lifted his head and asked faintly, "Did they fire?"

"Yes. You're not hurt? Keep out of sight if you can."

"Where are we?" he said.

"That's the Yamen in front of us," she whispered. "We only got as far as the compound. They fired at us, but they think that I must be a spirit because of my white frock, and I can't be hit. So they are going to leave us till morning. They are posting guards to watch. I think that's it, but I can't hear all they say. They're watching us and listening. 'Sh. Don't move.'"

He had turned to look at the Yamen, and his hand came down upon something damp and warm.

"Wh—what's that?" he cried.

"One of those bullets grazed my arm just a little. Don't move."

"Oh, you're not hurt—you're not

hurt?" he cried, rising, but Helen put him back in angry terror.

"Keep quiet, or you'll spoil the single chance we have. The only way is to let them think me a ghost. What are you doing?"

Under cover of her shadow, and with teeth that were stronger than his fingers, Lyndon tore out a piece of her white skirt and roughly bound her arm.

"There, that will do for the moment," he said. "But how I wish I had a rifle!"

"The soldiers are lying down," she whispered. "Two of the pikemen have been posted at the window. Don't make any noise, for if they find out that I am human they'll come out and pike us. In a little while—perhaps another hour—the moon will be over the corner of the roof. Then we might get away. The gatekeeper's our friend, but he's a coward. And—Mr. Lyndon—"

"Yes?"

"There's a little knife on the ground beside you. They mean to put you back into the cangue in the morning. So don't get taken, and don't let them take me." Her voice began to waver. "Do you understand? Have you got the knife?"

"I understand you perfectly," he said. "And I have the knife. They shall not take either of us."

Lyndon dragged himself along the ground, snake-fashion and by imperceptible degrees, until he could kneel behind Helen. He put his hands upon her shoulders and bade her lean back and rest. His wrists smarted and his wounded neck hurt him, but he welcomed the pain as a proof of regained vitality. The feeling of cotton-wool lethargy that had wrapped him slid away, leaving him not only eager to act but capable of action. Helen nodded, and he hoped that she slept; fall she could not, for he held her steady, so that no change in the "spirit's" posi-

tion was visible from the Yamen. He loathed the necessity that made him hide behind a woman, but saw no alternative, since to show himself would have been death to them both, and he was comforted to a small extent by the thought that he was making the long strain easier for her.

But the shadow seemed to creep across the courtyard more slowly than a glacier moves. Lyndon thought that it would never come and cover them. A hundred better courses than this occurred to him, but he could not change now. All sorts of nameless ills beset him, and he felt like one neuralgic nerve from head to foot. Even if they won through and gained freedom, life itself did not seem a big enough reward for this misery. Possibly if he had only had himself to consider he might not have finished the fight; he might have made some foolish dash for freedom. But in Helen he had a sufficient reason to feel that he must die of cramp sooner than move and call out the pikemen. And he was able to endure, though his wrists burned and stung, and his wrenched neck grew so painful when puffs of dust rose up and irritated it that he felt as if he must let go his burden and claw at it with his hands.

When at last the shadow lay like a veil over Helen's face, he let her head drop upon his shoulder, and as the blessed darkness crept on and the moonlight receded like a falling tide, he put his arm round her and laid her upon the ground. Then, backing into the deeper darkness under the wall, he made his way to the gatekeeper's box.

"Come and help us," he said in his difficult Chinese. "We can get away now."

But the man had suddenly grown prudent.

"I cannot leave my post," he said.

"We will give you money."

"No, I will not risk it. I have done my part."

"Then find some one who will take us into safety. I will keep the gate while you are gone."

"Why don't you ask Sing?" said the gatekeeper.

Sing! Good thought! Sing was a cheerful, brutal person who had been coupled next to Lyndon. To judge from his conversation, his crimes would have filled a volume. He had been in prison for ill-treating his wife, for kidnapping another man's, for robbery under arms, which would have brought him to the block but for a sudden leniency on the part of the Mandarin. He had also been doomed to the death of a hundred cuts and had got off with a few scratches. Now he was in the wooden collar for theft, and one would have thought from his remarks to his fellows that he regretted the lightness of the punishment. "Last time, it was the cangue," he said, and he seemed to linger upon the memory. But he was a kindly ruffian, for when Lyndon, taken out of the iron collar, went down helpless upon the mud floor, Sing chafed him and then brought him a little "one-inch" cup of samshoei. How Sing had procured this Lyndon could not guess, and he felt a little mystified about the long tale of crimes that only made the other prisoners laugh.

"Go and fetch him," he said.

"I must have him back by sunrise," said the gatekeeper.

Lyndon determined that if once let out Sing should not return to the Yamen. This should be his thanks for his rough kindness.

While he waited at the gate he saw Helen coming towards him, under the shadow of the wall. Her smile in the half-dark was like the first sign of spring.

"Those two sentries are asleep," she said. "They're on their feet fast asleep

with their spears beside them. Let us get away before they wake!"

"There's a man coming with us," he said. "An old brute, but he'll know of some place where we can hide."

"We must go to the Mission, of course, where I'm staying, but it's a mile away. Can you do it?"

"I—I think I can. You?"

"Perfectly. It's the only safe place."

Sing appeared with the gatekeeper, and Helen spoke to them. Lyndon heard the clink of silver and saw the gatekeeper make an obsequious bow. No longer afraid of her, the man was anxious to show it. "The others thought that you were a spirit," he said. "But I recognized you from the first as a foreign princess."

He closed the gate behind them, and the warder who had been in charge of the prisoners in the hovel appeared, bowing and holding out begging hands.

"Give me a kumsha," he said, "for I shall be beaten for letting the foreign prisoner escape."

Helen handed him a coin, and he looked across at Sing, saying, "That's the lucky man. He always falls softly."

Sing chuckled.

"Come," he said, trying to hurry them along, "for I must be back betimes."

"You shall never go back," said Helen, as they walked along the street. "They will hurt you or kill you if they know that you have helped us. If you come with us now, and help us to hide if we are followed, I promise that you shall take service under my father and move your home into another province. You must never go near this Mandarin again."

But Sing only grinned and shook his head.

Lyndon would have liked to offer his arm to the girl who had saved him, and attempted his thanks; but the earth which had seemed so solid when he lay

upon it showed a tendency to rock when he trod it under foot, though he was pleased to find that it was supporting Helen steadily. He walked stiffly along, thinking that about a hundred yards would be his limit. He was conscious of a strained throat and a racked backbone. Doubtless it was the effect of the cangue and of sleeping in a fusty little hole with so much other humanity, but every time that his heel touched the ground some little sinister message was telegraphed up his spine and hammered upon his brain. He did not mind the pain of it, but he was bitterly disappointed that he could not offer his arm to Helen. Then the moon danced in the sky, and he took two or three little tiptoe steps and stood swaying. Sing shot out an arm and grappled him to his side. "I know what it feels like," he said roughly. "Lean against me and I'll guide you."

It was a slow progress. When they reached the turning towards the Mission, Mr. Bemberry's gatekeeper was coming towards them with a lantern. The night had clouded, and the narrow street lay almost in darkness, but in spite of this the man extinguished his light. His master always said that he was a good servant. He was a Christian and held charitable views of his neighbors, but he had an over large respect for the conventions. Helen's sortie had made him very uneasy, and this feeling deepened when he saw her returning with a foreigner in Chinese clothes and one of the questionable characters of the Yamen. It was not the danger of her enterprise that moved him so much as the fact that she was acting without a precedent. He would do what he could to throw a mantle of decency over the affair; he would be able to say to his master, "It was morning when I met them. My lamp was out!"

When at last the Yamen was in sight, Sing bowed his farewell, saying, "I

must be in my place by daybreak."

Helen, who spoke beautiful Chinese, told him the risk he ran in returning, and said that she would willingly pay for his journey to another province. Sing thanked her, but answered that it was necessary for him to remain in his own city, because he was going to be tortured next week. He would not mention to the t'i-t'i the horrible crime that he had committed, but said that the Mandarin had decreed that it would only be expiated by mutilation. "And the week after," Sing added lightly, "there is the cangue again."

Helen stared at him, but Lyndon put up a hand to Sing's open collar and looked at his throat.

"You were in the thief's boards," he said. "You were near me, but your neck isn't sore like mine. Let me see your wrists."

Lyndon's own wrists still bled a little from time to time, but Sing's were hardly scratched.

With another grin the Chinese answered, "They gave me cuffs to wear, and wrapped a cloth round my neck inside the wooden band."

"How did you get it—bribes?"

Sing said that when one has so many punishments to bear there must be alleviations.

"Why don't you give up your life of crime and live a good life instead?" Helen asked.

Because she spoke the language so well Helen was sometimes the recipient of many confidences, but never of a stranger one than that which the bluff Sing now made.

"I bear the punishment," he said, "but I don't do the crime. A man must live, and he's lucky if he makes his calling pay as well as I do mine! People will break laws; and there are cowards who cannot take their punishment, and rich men who have to save their face. I am their proxy. They send for me to expiate their sins. What

are a few blows to me? What a day in the cangue? It passes. But the money remains, and the cowards pay well. And when the Yamen people know that you are suffering for another, and that there is a present for them if you are let off easily, they contrive to deal lusty blows which fall lightly. They will send messages to the Mandarin to say how the prisoner groans, and when the messenger returns he will fetch the prisoner a cup of tea. They look at me like this." He shut one eye with a quaint, conniving expression. "That is how they look at Sing! He does not suffer as the master did." He glanced at Lyndon, who stood, pale enough in the dawn, and went on: "But they pay me well. My wife is as rich as the Mandarin's lady, and the children are getting the best education. My eldest son will have a button as soon as he is old enough to pass the examinations. My calling is not honorable," he concluded, "but my son may be a Viceroy."

"Here," said Helen, "take what money there is left in the bag. Take it with our gratitude. Bring up your son to be upright and honorable and merciful to sufferers. And may the rod of another's chastisement fall lightly upon you!"

"I will take five dollars to shut the mouths of the talkers, and the rest I will call for when I have finished the punishment," he said, as he carefully counted the money. "This silver key unlocked the door of liberty, else the master would still be on the floor of the hovel. I am a speck of dust in his presence." And having thus complimented the foreigner in accordance with his reading of the rules of good manners, he muttered an aside, inaudible and impolite. "Lie on the k'ang and drink plenty of samshoei," he said to Lyndon, "and you will soon forget it!"

Then, as the light was growing, he hurried away.

When the missionary returned and was told of his unexpected visitor he went at once to see Lyndon, whom he found pilgrimaging slowly across the room to meet him.

"Go back to your k'ang at once! Who gave you leave to walk? My wife and Miss Braithwaite have been telling me about you, and I confess that I'm devoured by curiosity to know how you came to be in the Yamen. In all the years I've been here no foreigner has ever come to this place save three people who have been to stay with me. And then you make this dramatic appearance!"

Lyndon laughed.

"I'll tell you how it happened," he said.

Mr. Bemberry stepped upon the k'ang, sat down cross-legged, and regarded Lyndon with keen, frank eyes. He saw a well-built figure in a suit of Chinese clothes, a dark head with features of a determined cast and good-tempered mouth.

"You don't look as if you ought to have got into a scrape of this sort," he said. "How did it happen?"

"I'm on my way home from India. I've got a year's leave, and thought that I would like to see something of this extraordinary country. I spent a fortnight in Peking, and of course that's wonderful—oh, too fascinating for words, but it isn't the Interior. In Legation Street one might be anywhere, and one can hardly go out without seeing a foreigner of some kind. So I looked at the map, and as this place seemed fairly remote, I thought that I should see something of the real China here. I had a tutor in Peking, and learnt quite a lot of useful sentences. When I worked really hard I could get off as many as six in a day!"

"I left the train at the terminus, stayed a night at an inn, and carefully

picked my cart and carter. He was an intelligent lad, but he could not prevent me from being mobbed wherever I went. The roads were so bad that I risked a broken head when I sat inside the cart, so I used to walk; and a score or so of people would walk with me, and stare and shout remarks, and pinch my sleeve to see what my clothes were made of, and call out, 'Foreign devil!' I got tired of it after a bit, so I told the carter to buy two suits of clothes,—a carter's kit for myself, and a sort of babu get-up (silk coat and spectacles) for him. I didn't think that I could live up to the silk coat and spectacles myself; they would have spotted me in a second when they found that I couldn't talk. But with a handkerchief round my head and somebody else's pig-tail, I passed as a dull-witted carter very well. When we got to Ch'ang-ming-hsien we left the cart at an inn, and I thought I'd get my first impression of the place by a bird's-eye view from the wall. It was early in the afternoon, and though rather hot below, a nice breeze blew on top. The carter pointed out the different temples, and it was all very interesting and entertaining. I meant to walk all the way round the city on the wall, but before we'd gone far I saw a wonderful procession coming round a corner of the street. They were priests, red and white ones, and an old man in pink carried in a chair under a huge umbrella, and a band of drums and cymbals, and shouts. It was so interesting that I wanted a better view, and, as there was no path nearer than the slipway that we had come up, I shinned down the wall."

"But it's sixty feet,—sheer!"

"Not quite sheer, but very near it. And there were plants growing out of a few projecting stones. The boy yelled to me not to go, but I'd started, and of course there was no stopping. I landed with scratched hands in the

middle of an empty backyard, and was wondering how to get out of it when an ugly-looking dog flew at me. So I scrambled over the wall as quickly as I could, and got into another compound where there was another dog. I raced across and went over the wall into the next garden. This was altogether more pretentious, with trees and a rockery and a wooden bridge. I had bolted into the middle of it and had sat down on a bench to get my breath before I noticed two beautifully dressed ladies sitting opposite, who rose in something of a hurry and went away. A man in a silk coat came running out, with half-a-dozen lusty fellows, sons or servants, after him."

"Do you know where you were?"

"I haven't an idea."

"In the women's quarters of some rich man's house."

"Well, I had no wish to be there, and I didn't stay long. I ran over the fancy bridge and jumped a low wall into a lane, but they came after me. I knew that it would be no use trying to explain, so I just bolted and they chased me, gathering recruits as they went along, and shouting and throwing stones. Soon there was quite a big crowd, delighted at the prospect of a row. I had a bit of a start, and at first was fleetest, but by the time that two or three brick-bats had hit me I found that I shouldn't be able to keep it up for long. I hadn't a notion where I was, or how to get back to the top of the city wall; but I suddenly found myself in the temple precincts, which I recognized by the big stone lanterns standing in front. So I made for the temple door, thinking that I might find sanctuary——"

"Sanctuary!" breathed the missionary.

"But I saw the procession just coming into sight, so I doubled round the corner and went in at a small door on the other side, and hid behind a fine,

big idol, which afforded excellent cover. He wasn't a thing of beauty, for he was painted vermilion and green, and studded all over with eyes. But I was thankful for his dimensions."

"I know the idol you mean. It's considered the most sacred thing in all this district. People come even from other provinces to worship it. They say that it has stood upon that spot for a thousand years."

"Well, it stands there no longer. The procession came in, and they set down the chair and the old pink fellow went away to his lotus. Then a tribe of bare-legged boys in red muslin followed him and began to chant. On their very heels came the old man in the silk coat, and his crew. He began to shout at once, and the priests stopped the trumpet and new-moon business to hear what he had to say. I gathered that he thought he had found a thief in his back garden. He declared that I had come into the temple. The blue people began to search the place and the younger priests joined them. I quite meant to help them to look for me myself, take my chance among the crowd, and then slip out and run for it. But I had a cut on my hand that was rather incriminating, and I waited a moment to consider. I squeezed a little farther behind the *objet d'art*, and the old fellow gave an awful wobble that brought all eyes upon him. I held on to him with might and main. But he was heavy, and he was slippery, and he wasn't properly shored up. He tilted forwards, fell on his face, and went to smithereens."

Lyndon saw the horror in the missionary's eyes.

"The old idol of the Wu-shi-miaou? It's a wonder you're here, my lad."

"I think he had dry-rot. He raised a dust like the dust of ages. I thought I'd get away under cover of it, but there were too many people. I was in the middle of a fair hornet's nest,

and in the *mêlée* I gave the old pink priest one in the eye that didn't help my case. I hadn't much of a chance anyhow; they were about fifty to one. They got me by the feet and threw me, and about a score of them carried me away. I was dumped into a little mud-hole of a room in the compound, and left there in company with many beetles."

"Never mind the beetles. Go on with the story."

"But I must tell you about them, Padre, for they were my sole companions for several days. They used to do a march-past by moonlight every night, and it was so quiet in the mud-hole that I could even hear the little "snip-snip" they made eating the biscuit crumbs."

"If you'd clapped your hands they'd all have run away."

"My hands were tied, Padre—lashed. Feet too. On the fifth day a file of soldiers appeared and escorted me to the Yamen for an interview with the Mandarin."

"How did you get on?"

"Not very well, for they'd kept me in the mud-hole too long, and I'd got a touch of fever and forgotten my Chinese. But I went on saying 'Ing-kwa-fu, Ing-kwa-fu,' the only word that I could remember, and one which I had taken care to get into my head when I first landed in the country!"

"My dear fellow, there's no British Legation for many miles!"

"So I understood from the way they grinned."

The light, half-mocking voice fell suddenly flat and paused. Then it continued: "I'm not fond of blue any more, Padre! I should like the sea and the sky to adopt some other color! I dream blue dreams at night, and I feel thankful when I wake up from them. At the Yamen I understood that I wasn't only guilty of trespassing in somebody's garden, but also of the enormous of-

fence of breaking down the idol, I asked them to find my carter, but I don't think that they understood me, and if they knew my nationality it didn't make a bit of difference to them. They were madly angry, and the soldiers had to hold off the crowd while the fatigue-party on torture-duty put me into the cangue. Then they all stood round and enjoyed the sight. At first I wondered what they could be looking at that interested them so intensely. Later on I discovered that it was myself. They didn't seem a bit vindictive after that first moment, but they were absolutely interested and amused. I can see them again every time I shut my eyes; a shifting mass of blue coats, each topped by a sallow face, keenly alive and watching as one might watch a play."

"They are like that."

"But why?"

"Because their own lives are as dull and dreary and colorless as the whole of this northern plain. There is no variety. They work and eat and sleep. That's all. And any sort of diversion is most welcome. How long were you in the cangue?"

"I couldn't tell you. I felt as if I'd never been anywhere else! It must have been three, or perhaps four days. I didn't eat or drink or sleep all the time, so the game couldn't last for long. When they saw that I was getting done they took me down and put me back again in the temple hovel, and fed me and let me sleep. I was carried there in a basket slung on a pole between two coolies, and the old priest was waiting for me with a large following of acolytes. But they couldn't get any fun out of me. I was dumped in the mud-hovel again, and I woke up in the night, and there were the beetles taking their walk in the moonlight. You can't think how pleased I was to see the little beggars again! They didn't want to watch me suffer—they only wanted to eat the biscuit crumbs.

At that moment I thought them vastly superior to the human animals in the Yamen."

The missionary nodded.

"In the morning I found that I was not to go back to the cangue again that day. I was sent to the Yamen and cuffed and collared with the long row of thieves, and made to sit out in the street for the passers-by to admire. You know the rest, how she—she came by—O, Padre, what made her ride that way, out alone with a groom?"

"She said she thought that if we three foreigners used the road every day, it might in time strike the Mandarin that it was rather barbarous to put the criminals out there to be derided."

He looked at Lyndon's face, and then in pure compassion turned away—

"I must go and write to the Mandarin," he said.

A voluminous correspondence was in progress between Mission, Yamen, and Miaou. The missionary rough-drafted his letters and Helen fair-copied them, a task which took her the most part of every morning. The negotiations would be concluded in another week, and Helen hardly dared to think where the end of that week would find them, she and Lyndon.

Lyndon did not attempt to thank Helen for her large share in his escape. His feelings lay too deep for words.

How did she think of him, if she thought of him at all? As some poor, feeble creature who had fainted into her arms the moment that he was taken out of his foetid den into God's air?

She had never seen him when he was a man, only as he was now. How could he ask her to marry him?

She sat down beside him on the edge of the k'ang.

"Mr. Bemberry is arranging the affair in a masterly fashion," she said.

"Honor—Chinese honor—will be satisfied, and the whole thing will fizzle out quietly. You are to pay five thousand dollars to the temple for having inadvertently knocked over a valuable possession. The priest is to pay you five thousand dollars for the ill-treatment that you received at his instigation. So that the affair resolves itself into words, endless apologies and explanations and compliments and veiled sneers! But there will be no real ill-feeling over it, save for the ill-feeling that I'm afraid you still have in your neck and wrists!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

She smiled at him, but Lyndon's face remained grave.

"You might have thought that in giving me back my life you'd given me everything," he said. "But it's not so. I want something more. And as soon as I'm on my feet again—as soon as I'm anything remotely approaching a man—I'm going to ask for it. I'm going to ask you to marry me."

Helen's glance fled this way and that, and she rose from the k'ang. But Lyndon stretched out his hand, and she turned towards him and put her hand into his.

Philippa Bridges.

THE HEXAMETERS OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.

We have all been accustomed to say—and some of us have even thought—that the hexameter was entirely foreign to the genius of English verse. It has become almost an axiom. Even in Greek or Latin, the proper media of the classical verse-form, it is not easy to write good hexameters—unless, indeed, you are a genius. But in English—why, the foot-hills of Parnassus are strewn with the bleaching bones of the adventurers who have made the great experiment. It is true that a great many poets have made valiant endeavors. Ascham, Philip Sidney, and lesser men amongst the ancients; and amongst the poets of a later date, in the nineteenth century, Coleridge, and Southey at first, with Clough and Kingsley amongst the smaller men, and Browning and Swinburne as the giants. (We may omit Longfellow with his exasperatingly American "Evangeline.") Swinburne, of course, in his brilliantly audacious way, has written not only hexameters but also rhymed elegiacs. Browning, as a composer of hexameters, is certainly at his best in "Ixion." There are some good lines in Kingsley's "Andromeda," and if any-

one reads Clough to-day, he would certainly discover some passages of real beauty in the "Bothie." And now there is Mr. Way's "Odyssey." Yet is it not true, when all is said, and the ultimate concession made, we resent the hexameter as something alien from the genius of the language? Southey, you may remember, asserted, amongst other reasons, that the difficulty lies in the fact that there are no real spondees in the English language, giving the word "Egypt" as the only exception. A good strong final syllable has, apparently, to take the place of the real spondee.

Is it not the more remarkable, then, that the compilers of the Authorized Version should have happened on so many really excellent hexameters? Southey also discovered one of them, though he admits his indebtedness to a Bishop of Salisbury, who had anticipated him in the amazed recognition of the familiar verse,

Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?

as an excellent hexameter. There, it would seem, their discoveries stopped

short. Both pious men, it is possible that they read their Bible only for edification, and not in search of English verse-forms. There are, however, many others to be found by those who look for them; more, indeed, than we had suspected, until, thinking the present-day interest in the tercentenary celebrations of the Authorized Version a fitting moment for the investigation, we set ourselves the pleasant task of collating them. Even now we suspect we shall not exhaust the list.

The Psalms contain a good number, apart from the one already quoted. Everyone will remember this, not having realized its metre:

God is gone up with a shout, the Lord
with the sound of a trumpet.

Then in the ixth Psalm we have this:

Thou hast rebuked the heathen, Thou
hast destroyed the wicked.

In the xviiiith:

At Thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of
the breath of Thy nostrils.

And the lxxxiind, v. 7:

But ye shall die like men, and fall like
one of the princes.

In Job xxi. 24, with a pardonable anacrusis, one has this:

His breasts are full of milk and his
bones are moistened with marrow.

Ten or eleven chapters later, in that most marvellous piece of Hebraic poetry we find Elihu speaking in the same measure. He is mentioned also in an hexameter:

Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu,
the son of Barachel—

if the spondaic accent be permissible.
At any rate in the next chapter but one,
he demanded with bitter emphasis:

What man is like Job, who drinketh up
scorning like water?

And earlier in the book one finds the
pathetic line:

Small and great are there, and the servant
is free from his master.

It is, however, in certain of the Prophetic books that the lyrical impulse seems to have been most strongly present with the translators. In the magnificent fourteenth chapter of Isaiah from which Ruskin quoted so effectively in "Sesame and Lilies" there is a sequence of verses that are perfect hexameters. It is surely allowable so to describe the first of the series:

Since thou art laid down, no feller is
come up against us.

One would like to claim in the category the anapestic pentameter that follows so closely:

Thy pomp is brought down to the
grave, and the noise of thy viols,

but there is no doubt about the immediately sequent verses:

How art thou fallen from heaven, O
Lucifer, son of the morning!

How art thou cut down to the ground,
which didst weaken the nations!

For thou hast said in thy heart "I will
ascend to Heaven;

"I will exalt my throne above the stars
of God;

"I will sit also upon the mount of the
congregation".

A pedantic pedagogue, no doubt, might take exception to the trochees which replace the proper dactyls in the last two verses; and it would be easy to match them in any of the poems one has been taught to consider respectable hexameters. In chapter liii. of the same prophet we have another line that is not open to the same reproach:

We did esteem Him smitten, stricken
of God and afflicted.

In the books of Jeremiah and Ezekiel also, hexameters are to be found. In the first we have (iv. 13):

He shall come up as clouds, and his
chariot shall be as a whirlwind.

And in the second (vil. 26):

Mischief shall come upon mischief, and
rumor shall be upon rumor.

That is the last verse of this kind that we have been able to discover in the Old Testament, and a search in the Apocrypha has yielded no results. In the New Testament they are by no means lacking. In the first Gospel, S. John Baptist sends his disciples to Christ saying:

Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?

And, as might almost be expected, the gorgeous imagery of the Book of the Revelation contains several beautiful verses. Is it, for instance, unreasonable to describe these as hexameters, since the arsis in the fifth word in the first line is almost demanded by the rhythm?

These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood,

Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve Him.

The Saturday Review.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.

These verses from the seventh chapter are succeeded in the twentieth by quite a perfect line:

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.

In the final chapter—the penultimate one ending up, by the way, with some beautiful anapaests, which one might almost claim as hexameters beginning with a pyrrhic foot—one has this:

And they shall see His Face, and His Name shall be in their foreheads, And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, Neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light.

Professor Mayor, in his most interesting "Chapters on English Metre," makes, in the section on hexameters and pentameters, the naive observation that one or two hexameters "have been discovered" in the Authorized Version. We have shown that there are more than one or two.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS.*

The late Prof. Minto, an admirable and stimulating teacher in English, once described "Romance in Words" as "the only proper definition of a dictionary." It is certainly a happy indication of the wealth of meaning and interest, the odd survival of lost causes, of forgotten events, beliefs, and persons, in the familiar speech of to-day. We live in an age in which everybody wishes to appear in print, and the standard of decent English is being daily degraded. "Ignorance, pure ignorance," is as much the cause of this slackness as haste, and ignorance goes unproved where the very guides that

should correct are often ignorant too. Mr. Pecksniff

was in the frequent habit of using any word that occurred to him as having a good sound, and rounding a sentence well, without much care of its meaning.

He has a formidable host of followers in the twentieth century, whose mistakes are so frequent as to have ceased to be amusing. The makers of the great Oxford Dictionary, Prof. Skeat, and all the scholars who toil so zealously at a minimum wage in the dark and difficult mines of the English tongue, see their labors daily neglected, and some wild guess passed from mouth to mouth and pen to pen, when they have long since

* "The Romance of Words." By Ernest Weekley. (John Murray.)

exploded its folly, and explained the truth by scientific study and a host of examples.

We welcome, then, heartily Prof. Weekley's study—somewhat on the lines of Trench's well-known books on English—of the wide field of derivation and meaning involved in the vocabulary of the past and present. His book is all the more effective because it introduces popular instances of words as well as standard writers who are not generally familiar, and because he has a sense of humor and of the life of to-day which is not always characteristic of professors.

The book is brief for its subject, and to master right off its 190 pages, thickly studded with derivations, will, we think, be beyond the average reader, unless he is an enthusiast. We recommend a chapter at a time. A few pages thus perused should supply alike amusement and instruction. Some idea of the resources of the language is really—to put it on the lowest ground—a social advantage in enlarging the range of a talker, and reducing the words which he repeats *ad nauseam* because he knows no other. Not much above the talker to-day is the casual writer, and he also may learn—*e.g.*, to avoid such tautologies as “fantastic fancy” or “a posy of verse,” “posy” being a contracted form of “poesy.”

In matters of scholarship Prof. Weekley is both learned and careful, and his chapter on “Semantics” is specially valuable, as that science is yet in its infancy. His arrangement in chapters is satisfactory from the scholar's point of view, but, in order to attract a popular audience, it would, we think, have been a better plan to take such headings as “Religion,” “War,” or “Amusements,” and explain under them the genesis of words due to various changes or events in the national life. What we may call the outlands have also a large and daily increasing part in introducing

strange words into the language. Novelists, for the sake of local color, revel in words on the way to be English, which they seldom take the trouble to explain. How many people know what *copra* is, or jaggery, or even a patio?

War is happily an intermittent and decreasing phenomenon, and the words it introduces are not so persistent as some others. “Jingo” is now well established, and Prof. Weekley, who regards it as probably the only pure Basque word in English, adds:—

In 1878, when war with Russia seemed imminent, a music-hall singer, the great MacDermott, delighted large audiences with—

We don't want to fight, but, by *Jingo*,
if we do,

We've got the ships, we've got the men,
we've got the money too.

Hence the name *jingo* applied to that ultra-patriotic section of the population which, in war-time, attends to the shouting.

We do not doubt this, but we think that in respectable writing “Jingo” was made current by Minto. At any rate, he laid claim to popularizing the chorus of the song for readers in *The Daily News* when he was engaged in political journalism. “Spanish,” a word for money which survived into the nineteenth century, recalls the great days of Drake and Raleigh; and “Sir Garnet” [Wolseley] made a popular phrase which would now need explanation. The Boer War brought into frequent use a number of South African words, such as “lager” and “sjambok,” which are not now current in ordinary conversation. The Dutch, as a great naval power, have, it is pointed out, contributed to our nautical vocabulary such words as “skipper,” “boom,” and “yacht,” the last, now used for pleasure, being originally a hunting ship (cognate with German “Jagd”).

The supplanting of native words by loan words is well exhibited, as in the Anglo-Saxon “here,” army, which has

survived in "harbour" and "harry." Sometimes a word gets restricted in meaning—e.g., "weeds," which was a general term for clothes in Shakespeare's day. Prof. Weekley notes, of course, the retention of "widow's weeds," but does not point out that Tennyson has preserved the Shakespearean sense in "In Memoriam":—

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me
o'er.

A great poet is a legislator over language, and can make an old word new. The Authorized Version of the Bible has a notable influence in this way, preserving phrases the origin of which is forgotten.

Throughout the work we find abundant evidence of the Professor's eye for neologisms, but they are rather confusingly mixed up with older words, and might have had a section to themselves. In the first chapter, for instance, we range from "malice prepense" and "affidavit," various words from Greek and Latin, and an old word like "assoll," to the "kinematograph," "appendicitis," "sabotage," and "barracking," and return to sham antiques like "bartisan," "slug-horn," and "niddering," to end with "bovril" and "chortle." In this chapter "nausea" is said to be unaltered from the Greek. But the Greek is *vavoía*, or *vavría*, and "nausea" surely the Latin form.

The Athenæum.

"Tennis" is rightly derived from the French "tenez!" but we cannot conceive why the translation "take it"—i.e., take the ball about to be served—is not added. This is clear to those who know Latin from the use of "accipe," quoted on the authority of Erasmus. On several occasions we wish that fewer words had been mentioned, and space made for a little more by way of illustration and explanation. But we may be underrating the patience and perseverance of the average reader. We certainly hope so, as we wish many to share the enjoyment which the book has given us. On the last page we are told that "'swank' is only a year or two old," and asked who brought it suddenly to England. Its wide popularity in the mouth of the public may be strange and new, but its introduction to English is much earlier than is here supposed. A "Slang Dictionary" dated 1873 gives it in the sense "to boast or 'gas' unduly."

The last word in fashion for an elegant young man is a "nut." It remains, so far as we are aware, a nut at present uncracked by philologists. Perhaps Prof. Weekley may apply his learning and humor to the query in a new edition, or, better still, give us a separate volume on modern slang, like the study on the 'Arry Ballads in *Punch* which a Dutch scholar produced some eighteen years since.

TO A MODERN "LADIES' MAN."

[Discussing the "1912 Ladies' Man," a writer in an evening paper declares that he "may be clean shaven, but he is above all else 'manly.' He is still a 'Ladies' Man' because he is ready to assist her (the modern girl) with her schemes.]"

Thomas, they tell me you are wont to follow

The Flowers of Female Fashion like a bee,
Sipping their honied tattle, while you swallow

Pint after pint of tea.

You don't remind me, somehow, of a dandy.

I like the firmness of your shaven cheek;

You look as if your muscles might be handy;

Your mouth is far from weak.

And yet the "Ladies' Man" was once, I fear, a
 Person composed of gush and social gas,
 Who, from the pictures of an earlier era,
 Looked like a silly ass.

Apart from compliments he uttered gally,
 In manly converse he was all but dumb;
 While girls regard you, so I gather daily,
 More as a super-chum.

You take an interest in their golf and hockey,
 Discuss the thrilling drama of the day,
 Or else the "Vote;" and if your views are rocky
 They like your winning way.

I think I know, in fact, how well you carry
 Your manly figure in their gentler life;
 And, Thomas, I am sure the girl you marry
 Will be a lucky wife.

Punch.

A CHINESE GIRL.

Chinamen have always made a great impression upon the English imagination. To our eyes, no doubt, they are comically wanting in individuality; a fact which does not, however, detract from the significance of any one of them, each seeming in his own person to represent millions. There are, we suppose, as many women in China as men, but with the exception of an occasional queen the average person in England never thinks about them at all. We know, of course, that they are there, and we know, when we come to think about it, that the best of them have their feet tied up.

Any one who would like to see a light thrown upon the life of the ordinary Chinese woman should read "The Life of a Girl in China," by Miss Li Yieni Tsao, M.D., and "A Wedding in South China," by Miss Ying-Mei Chun. These Chinese ladies have each contributed an essay to a volume published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science at Philadelphia en-

titled "China Social and Economical."

The bringing-up of girls in China is far less irrational than we are apt ignorantly to imagine. Indeed, there is little to shock the sensibilities of Western readers if we leave out "the wicked and senseless custom of foot-binding. In general the baby girl receives the same tender care as a boy would," and "up to the age of five or six participates equally in the privileges of her brother excepting those that would tend to make her a tom-boy." Then comes the artificial deforming of her feet—the mark of true gentility. Strangely enough, the custom is kept up by the women—without them it would have been obsolete years ago. "The duty of administering this unnatural torture devolves upon the mothers," who go about their task "doggedly" if with "bitter tears." Often quarrels between husband and wife occur in connection with this convention. "Pond fathers have interceded in vain against this invulnerable custom, which has served time

and again as a cause for an unquiet house." Physical education is henceforth out of the question. "But in the middle and upper classes girls generally go to school till the age of adolescence." "They come away with a general knowledge of reading, writing letters, and some ciphering." There is practically no religious teaching—morals are imparted by means of fables. After leaving school, and before they are married, they give their time to cookery, sewing, and embroidery.

The social enjoyments of the Chinese girl sound pleasant in Western ears. Miss Tsao apologizes for the fact that these enjoyments usually involve some dressing up; but surely no young girl in the West despises fine clothes. These opportunities for display of natural vanity "would be attending a fair, a theatrical performance, a sewing circle, a birthday, or a wedding. Short trips are sometimes made to gardens during the flowering season, to a temple for worship, or to witness a religious procession." How strangely early Victorian it sounds!

Marriages are, of course, arranged by the parents. Miss Tsao begs her American readers not to be shocked by this fact. Girls—and indeed boys—marry so early—often at sixteen and eighteen—that they would certainly have less prospect of happiness in choosing for themselves than in accepting the choice of their parents. Miss Tsao's intention is always serious, but her English is colloquial, and the effect she produces is often comic. "As parents would reasonably select a party of the same station of life and pay some attention to personal appearance and temperament, the youthful parties could be reasonably expected to give a blushing consent. The chief reasons why they do not protest and show so much insubordination as a Western youth would, are first, because they are young, and second, because they never had any one of

their own choice in view. It is not Romeo and Juliet, but the story of the *Tempest* universalized. Both the boy and girl accept the other as the first love; as soon as they are united, each is willing to go half-way to meet the wishes of the other. In addition to this the difficulty to obtain a divorce further increases the mutual desire to live peaceably together." Here is the conclusion of the whole matter in the eyes of our instructress:—

To sum up briefly, we cannot say exactly that the children have no voice in the engagement, but as a fact they have nothing to say, being young and having no one else in view; neither can we say that marriage is not sacred, for only the first wife enjoys the full privileges of a wedding ceremony and this binding tie is very difficult to annul; nor can we say there is no love, although no party ever openly admits it. Even foreign critics say that love does exist only in a manner that is to be taken for granted.

A Chinese wedding is an elaborate affair. The various ceremonials last for days. First comes "The Passing of the big Parade." Twenty or thirty gaily dressed men arrive at the bride's house with presents from the bridegroom, all displayed upon trays, and chiefly consisting of eatables. As soon as the procession appears the bride is told that she must leave her parents' house, and custom obliges her to run away to her room, and there wall and refuse admittance to her family, thus signifying her grief at leaving her father and mother.

The mother meanwhile packs her trunks, which are decorated and carried in another procession to her future home. On the third day, which is the wedding day, comes a third procession, "composed of lanterns, bands, flags, clowns, and a gilded sedan chair." The mother forces, or pretends to force, the daughter's door, dresses her in her wedding gown—which is of red—and,

amidst the lamentations of her family, she sets off, to arrive at her journey's end at a house entirely given up to rejoicing. Here the bridegroom meets her, knocking at the door of her sedan chair with his fan. What a charming picture! How *decorative* is life in China, if one may be allowed such an expression! Together they kneel before the ancestral tablets and household gods and pay their honors to aged relatives. Then the bridegroom lifts her veil. She is dressed in a still more beautiful dress, "bows before the guests, and serves them with tea. Each guest, in return for this kind favor, hands her over a gift in money." Such is her home-coming and such the reasonable form taken by wedding presents in China.

Miss Ying-Mei Chun breaks off her narrative at the end of the festivities. We must return to Miss Li Yleni Tsao if we want to learn about the early married life of a Chinese matron. "If the girl knows her duties as daughter-in-law, and fully recognizes, as most girls do, that she is merely on a par

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with her junior husband in her father's home, then things can proceed smoothly." Every action of the young couple is performed under orders, for, as a rule, the husband lives entirely upon an allowance. "This paternalistic and sometimes galling supervision is only reduced when the son becomes a self-supporting man or when the bride becomes mother to a son. It is motherhood, not wifehood, that increases the privileges of independence in China. Wives are given to sons by parents that they may have an additional junior to serve them." Truly the condition of a young married woman in China seems unenviable. On the other hand, we must remember that their time comes. Here youth is indulged because we feel that the young have a right to be happy. In China age is indulged because it has in Chinese eyes a right to consolation. We cannot have it both ways. Yet it seems more reasonable to ensure the outward circumstance of happiness to our children, who may never grow old, rather than to speculate with so uncertain a stock.

THE MONSTER SHIP.

For the last three or four years we have almost alone in the British Press strenuously combatted the new mania for building monster ships either for peace or war. It is a mania for which the British Admiralty is very largely responsible; for a special impulse was given to the movement by the planning and profuse advertising of the first Dreadnought, which has cost the taxpayers of the world already incredible millions of money. The Dreadnought mania, after provoking a rivalry, very profitable to the great armament interests all over the world, was speedily reproduced in the merchant service, with the help of big shipbuilders, who

wanted to "lick creation." At that time the great American lines had already reached what we think will prove to be the best size and the most reasonable speed, combining safety with comfort and economy. There are many shipping experts and experienced navigators who said before the awful disaster to the "Titanic," and before the proofs that have been multiplying in the last few months of the unmanageability of super-ships, that ships of the type of the "Baltic," steady as a rock, would require a very great deal of beating. It is quite easy to prove, as a matter of naval finance, that the British fleet at the present moment

would have been far more powerful, both relatively and absolutely at a much smaller expense, if the Dreadnought and the super-Dreadnought had not been introduced; and the utter waste of the system could not be better illustrated than by Mr. Churchill's appeal at Glasgow for a huge expenditure on deepening and widening docks in order to provide for the bigger and bigger ships which this madly foolish policy seeks to perpetuate. We hope that the House of Commons and the new Estimates Committee, in view of the blunders and disasters that have already come to light, will insist upon this subject being submitted speedily to a committee of business men, who will employ, rather than be guided by, the experts. But even the experts are beginning to speak out, and we would direct the attention of our readers to the following extract from an interview with Mr. Alfred Elgar, in Thursday's *Morning Post*:—

The cost of the big ship and its value in time of war are two factors in this question. We have to consider the position of the vessel in times of war, when boats like the "Titanic" would be subsidized and under Government control. Such a boat might be so severely damaged as to result in complete loss on account of the lack of dry accommodation. There is no dry dock accommodation for these huge boats. If one of them were damaged in time of war she would have to run back to Belfast. Even now it is with the greatest difficulty that these ships are got into harbor unless on the top of the tide, and if they came in damaged, like lame ducks, you could not get them into dry dock to be repaired. And the larger the ship the greater the difficulty. There is not a harbor on our coast into which an original Dreadnought, let alone a super-Dreadnought, could get in lying very low, and the same is true of a big ship like the "Titanic." At Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, and Sheerness, you can only get in anything big on the top of the tide. The boats

nowadays have got behind the harbor, and whilst they are in such a condition they are more open to destruction than if they were smaller and more easily manœuvred. More open to destruction, I say, because the big boat offers a larger target to the enemy. We can leave out of account the question of aerial bombs, which if they were dropped on the deck of a "Titanic" would explode upwards and do comparatively little damage. But the case is very different with submarine attacks, which in time of war would be directed against these subsidized boats, carrying troops and mails and arms and other valuable cargo.

Now, compare the size of the "Titanic" with that of some of our battleships. The "Titanic" was 885 ft. long, with 46,000 tons displacement, but the "Collingwood" is only 500 ft. long, with 19,250 tons displacement. So you see that the mercantile vessel offers a target of twice the size of the battleship to submarine attack, a form of warfare which has been advancing for the last half-century. But neither in the case of the mercantile marine nor the men of war is there the slightest adequate provision against attack in any shape or form. There is no defence against sub-marine attack in the submerged hull of a man-of-war, which is her most vital part, and this is one of the reasons why these bigger ships are becoming more and more liable to destruction than a smaller one. No matter how you armor the sides of a ship above water, everything that has been done is utterly worthless and useless against submarine attack. I have held this view for many years. That applies to the man-of-war and also to the vessel of the subsidized mercantile marine. The big ship offers a bigger target to the torpedo, and is thus more liable to destruction, and when she is hit she cannot get into harbor. Under conditions of warfare the very bigness of the ship might cause her own destruction. So that on the question of manœuvring, momentum, cost, docking, and handling in time of war the big ship is to be condemned.

To return to the "Titanic": it is surely unnecessary to argue that the

constant growth of speed and the desire to set up fresh records are a danger to shipping and to human life. Apart altogether from the utter inadequacy of the boat supply, it is clear that these big steamers, to save a mere five hours on the voyage, take a dangerous course through the ice, and that a liner travelling at 20 knots through an ice region is infinitely more likely to cripple herself than an old tramp doing her 8 knots, and careless of time and records. That fact has long been recognized, but it is only now that the public has begun to understand the problems raised by the monster ship, and the new dangers involved in the craze for size. Take first the difficulty of control. In the "Olympic"-*"Hawke"* disaster the theory was put forward, and judiciously accepted, that the 40,000-ton boat, by the force of her displacement, exercises a power of suction over other craft which makes her a dangerous neighbor in harbor and in close or shallow waters. The *"Titanic"* herself almost caused a disaster at Southampton by drawing in the *"New York,"* and snapping her hawsers, and it is clear that some fresh precautions must be taken if these big boats are to pass close to one another in safety. So far the problem has certainly not been solved, because the engineers do not understand the effects of their own machinery, and what is more surprising still, they do not understand the value of their own life-saving, ship-saving innovations. The new monster ships have always been declared unsinkable; no catastrophe, we have been told, could make the watertight compartments valueless and fill the vessels with water, and these reassuring statements were actually repeated with official authority when the *"Titanic"* was lying two miles deep at the bottom of the Atlantic. We do not wish to dwell harshly on this miscalculation, but it cannot be overlooked.

Another, and a not less serious objection to the monster liner is the fact that shipbuilders have outbuilt the docks, and made it impossible for the modern vessel to be repaired except at one appointed port. We have again called attention to the policy of the Admiralty, which builds Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts so large that there is scarcely a dock in the world big enough to accommodate them, or give them shelter and the chance of repairs when disabled in battle. And this objection to the super-Dreadnought applies with equal force—as Mr. Alfred Elgar showed his interviewer—to the super-liner of the mercantile marine. Take, by way of example, the case of the *"Titanic"* herself. If the spurious unsigned message had been correct, and the boat had been towed damaged to Halifax, her crew and passengers and the greater part of her valuable cargo would have been saved, but she herself would have been in an impossible position. There is no dock on the other side of the Atlantic big enough to take her in, and certainly no dry dock to which she could have gone for repairs. To tow her 46,000 tons across the Atlantic to Great Britain would have been a hopeless feat, and she would probably have been declared a "constructive total loss," lying in Halifax Harbor, and beyond the aid of salvors. It is, indeed, a curious thing that this vital point seems to have been largely overlooked by the shipping world in Great Britain, and many underwriters who had written the hull at the preposterously low rate of 15s per cent. realized only after the accident happened that a vessel of over 800 feet in length is from its nature an undesirable risk. The possibility of salvage is, for a shipowner, one of the most important considerations, and in future there must be either a cessation of this giant shipbuilding or a great advance in the building of giant docks.

Whether it will ever be worth while to construct such docks along the great trade routes of the world is at least a doubtful point.

Lastly, the building and running of these monster ships involve too great a concentration of life and wealth in a single bottom. This is perhaps a sweeping statement, but it can be tested and proved by a reference to the marine insurance market, and there is a growing feeling among underwriters that they are called upon to bear too heavy a risk when they insure the enormous hulls and cargoes of the North Atlantic liners. The full value cannot be covered without over-straining the resources of the market, and the White Star owners are only partially insured by the policies which they have taken out. If the shipbuilder had really conquered the dangers of the sea he might make his vessels as large as he pleased; but after every safeguard has been taken, after the Marconigraph and the submarine signals have been installed, after all the watertight compartments have been

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constructed, the sea is still the master, and no vessel in the world can be pronounced safe. Even at the cost of sacrificing speed and economy, it would surely be better to run two steamers of moderate size than to concentrate the risk of four thousand lives and several millions of material wealth in one gigantic liner. The world's reserve of ability and capital is not so great that we can neglect the prudent policy of spreading risks. The monster ship is to some extent unmanageable, and almost completely unsalvageable, while its hull, passengers, and cargo are together too valuable to be hazarded on the perils of a single voyage.

We cannot end this article without pointing one obvious moral. Imagine the horrors of the "Titanic" multiplied a hundredfold, intensified by the passion of hatred and the suffering of the wounded, and we may achieve a dim picture of the "inevitable" naval war, on which so many armchair Chathams and live-on-shore Nelsons are daily speculating so cheerfully.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To the new Macmillan Standard Library, containing new editions of standard books in various departments of literature, published at the uniform price of fifty cents, has been added President Henry Churchill King's important discussion of "The Ethics of Jesus" comprising a course of lectures given upon the William Belden Noble foundation at Harvard University in 1909.

To read the short stories contained in "The Matador of the Five Towns," is to read the best of Arnold Bennett, to see all his varying moods, to feel the very essence of his peculiar genius. All that is excellent in the novels may

be found here, save only the opportunity offered by the longer works to watch complete character development. But the wise, keen insight into human nature, often satiric, sometimes tender, always interesting, is also characteristic of the short stories. Each story deals with some fragment of life in the Five Towns, each is alive to the dramatic elements of human life, to romance and realism. Arnold Bennett is undoubtedly master of the short story. His themes are handled deftly, and the climax of each is incisive and unmistakable. Each tale is complete and clean cut from the rest, each character a living being, no matter how slight the plot may be. Some of the

stories have been published separately in England. Collected now for the first time in a single volume, they form a notable addition to the author's works. George H. Doran Co.

"Among the Idol Makers" by L. P. Jacks, the author of "Mad Shepherds," is a collection of short stories that are deserving of notice for several different reasons. Some of the tales are remarkably good satire, dealing with intellectual and philosophical questions of to-day. One of the best of these is "That Sort of Thing," the tale of a boy who learned less than nothing by going through the English school system and finally found himself, as a potential mathematician and civil engineer through his ability to cut hair with precision! Others are in themselves remarkably good short stories of a slightly different intent. "Mary" and "Helen Ramsden" are of this sort. Both are compelling and done with rare skill. The style, for a third reason, is of unusual distinction. Some of the theses that underlie the stories will be vital only to readers of vigorous intellectual habits, and lively interest in philosophical questions. But the book is unusual and of real charm. Henry Holt Co.

The Russian Year-Book for 1912, compiled and edited by Dr. Howard P. Kennard and Netta Peacock, and published by the Macmillan Co., is the second annual issue of a work which puts at the service of the reader all available information, from official and authoritative sources, regarding the government, resources and commercial interests of Russia. The book, in form and general plan suggests the Statesman's Year-Book; but, being devoted to a single country, is much ampler in its scope. It not only furnishes the information which might be expected regarding the administration of the empire, its population, its courts and laws,

and its imperial services, but it contains full and comprehensive chapters upon its natural resources, its railways and canals, its ports and shipping, its exports and imports, its finance, and its peasant industries, and, with all the rest, an itemized statement of the provisions of the Russian tariff, filling more than 70 pages and giving the rates of duty upon all imports, stated both in Russian money and the American equivalent. All that those interested in international commerce need to know about Russia and all that actual or intending travellers in that empire crave is contained between the covers of this book.

"Lost Farm Camp" by Henry Herbert Knibbs, is a story of the Maine woods. The most important characters are old "Hoss" Avery, one-eyed woodsman, who is a remarkable combination of shrewdness, originality, tenderness, and common sense; his unusual daughter "Swickey;" and David Ross, who is a partner of "Hoss" Avery's. After a few pages the plot promises to consist mostly of a struggle between the honest woodsman and land-grabbing capitalists. The reader is prepared for conflict and injustice for the remainder of the book, but before the story is half finished, he is pleasantly surprised. The trouble with the capitalists is settled with an ease startling to those who are familiar with similar situations in modern fiction, and the chief interest of the story becomes the love affair between "Swickey" and David Ross. Much of the conversation is racy and clever. Not only is the author skilful in characterizing men and women, but he possesses an unusual understanding of animals, and draws the dog "Smoke" with such fidelity that the dumb animal becomes a real personage. A wholesome, out-of-doors spirit pervades the book, which is truly delightful. Houghton, Mifflin Company.